Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SUN.

…f the day! when thou, at morn,
…ever conquered night,
…cerulean vault, at noon,
…ve, upon the western sky,
…'d with pure ethereal gold,
…ow art. Whence is derived
…orce, by which thou keep'st
…ce the many wond'rous globes,
…y sphere, at distances immense,
…l's roll? What keeps alive
…e thy vast extent of flame?
… changes all things else, no change
…ee. Enduring youth is thine.
…lliant now, as when thou first
… central stand. It is not strange
…ged man poured forth to thee
…d worshipped thee for God;
…mind, chained to material things,
…art of Nature for the soul.
…ature thou art truly called.
…thou art whence flow earth's vital
… fount, where waters gladly burst
… mountain's side; each winding rill
… through the mead; each river, which
…flows towards Ocean's realm;
…y torrent wild, which headlong throws
…down the precipice abrupt,
…wes to thee, must call thee sire.
… potent energy all mists,
…would cease to rise from the moist earth,
…the wide spread ocean's glossy face
…winds, be borne towards either pole,
…to fall in renovating showers.
…nds their being owe to thee.
…ugh the groves,
…dest zephyr whisp'ring …
… whirlwind, bearing in its course
…on dread. The all prolific source
… of ev'ry thing that is sublime
…tiful on earth. The low'ring cloud,
…aven's artill'ry fraught, that, on the wings
…rnado wildly rise, is thine.
…y secret pow'r that thunders roll,
…nings in streak'd coruscations play
…y serpents in the upper air.
…one 'mongst thy num'rous offspring is
…by coloured bow, which, after show'rs,
…o stand upon th' horizon's verge,
…r its graceful curvature on high.
…cey cloud, that high in ether floats,
…r it wear its sombre mantle gray
…ght's golden robe, belong'st to thee:
… me not forget the varying morn
… modest beauty is derived from thee.
…t thy copious beams, her perfect orb
…y crescent man had never seen.
…ty pervading influence cease t' exist,
…th would from her orbit fly a black
…any ball restricted by no laws.
…easons then would cease t' adorn the year:
…be would ne'er again expand its leaves:
…owslip and … pure would cease
…auty the lap of spring. The groves
… nevermore be clad in summer's green
…utumn's yellow robe; but all the face
…h would in a sable garb be wrapp'd
… foot hath pressed or keel the waters plough'd.
…thing there, that walks, or creeps or flies,
… have its vitals pierced with icy darts.
…uman hand would cease to sway the earth,
…uman works be crumbled into dust.
…on's limb would paralytic fall,
… proud eagle's rapid flight be stay'd.
…ereal bird, upon expanded wing,
…ne'er again, around the mountain tops,
… his evolutions grand. Each wave
…n would be into rock transformed;
…
…ungainly whale and dolphin swift
… the smallest tenant of the deep,
…ren bound. Old night would wield
…n sceptre o'er the prostrate world,
… first born descendant Chaos rude,
…l confusion would around him roll. Z.

…ontgomery County.

…SANE ESTABLISHMENT.

…o M. Esquirol's Insane Establishment near Paris.—No. 1.

… various institutions, scientific and lite… of Paris, have been often and minutely de…d, but to the institutions, private as well …blic, for the disordered mind, justice has …en done. It is not true, though often as…d, that the thoughtful and serious English … much oftener than their neighbours: the …er of the deranged in France is about … thousand to a population of thirty-two …ns: in England, twenty thousand.

… though the number may be proportionate … two countries, the *manner* of the madness …y dissimilar; and the stranger, in search … characteristic traits of mind and temper, …nd them as distinctly drawn, in as broad, …ll as delicate touches, in these homes of … humanity, as in the theatre, the saloon, or …ate. I have been in the asylums of eas… countries—heavy, and not spacious build… with a court in the middle, a fountain, and … trees. This small area of joyless suffer…orded an epitome of the Turkish charac… quiet and grave, so dull and unambitious. …mates sat and gazed through the bars of … home, and spoke sadly and slowly to the …ger; two or three played the guitar: others …oss-legged from morning to night on the …, or near the fountain, gazing continually … gurgling waters: there was no violence, …rce malignity, or hopeless passion. In his …oom, or on his wild and circumscribed …, the Frenchman is also faithful to his na… temperament: there is less 'method in his …ss,' than in that of the Englishman, less …tfulness and stillness than the German, …assion than the Italian; but there is a …ncy and even cheerfulness about him that … little room for melancholy.

…d long desired to visit the most celebrated …e Maison des Fous, an opportunity at last …nted itself under very favourable circum…es. About five miles out of Paris, near …anks of the Seine, is the small village of …, pleasantly situated, calm, and almost se…ed: the Seine was so swollen by the late …, that the more direct route by its side was …ated, and we drove a circuitous route.— … October morning was very bright and …ful; we were invited to breakfast at the …m by its master, Mons. Esquirol, celebrat…r the successful treatment of his patients, …his able writing on the subject. Arrived at …stablishment, an iron gate opened on a …ng gravel path, at the end of which, embo… in trees, was the mansion, which consist… a large rez-de-chaussee, containing a spa… saloon, with various instruments of music, …tables, chess, and backgammon. Adjoin…as a large billiard-room, which opened in… salle a manger: all these apartments, &c. … for the convalescent during the day only: …slept in a separate dwelling. The higher … was occupied by the family of Mons. ——, …ephew and assistant of Mons. Esquirol, …ting of his wife and three lovely children. … was the principal mansion, though it form… one of the seven buildings comprised in …stablishment. Another of these was ten… by convalescent ladies, and a third by …men: each patient had a salon and bed…ber, in which, not even the English, and … were a few of our countrymen here, had …use to sigh for their native comforts; there … so much real comfort in the interior of these …—situated in the middle of the gardens, … many trees around, the windows looking … on pleasing objects, on beds filled with …rs, &c. In the avenues were swings and … out-door amusements for the patients.— …ife of Mons. —— and her children dined …y day with the convalescent in the salle a …ger; it being their opinion that their pre… and company had a salutary and soothing …nce on the patients. The sweet children …heir mother were perhaps rather hazard… seated, in the midst of so many partially, …alf-deranged people, yet no accident has … occurred. The latter are not allowed steel …s; they use silver; and each guest is care… attended by his servant, who stands behind …air. The company consists of ladies and …men; a more gay and cheerful party is …ten met with. "You would not think," … Mons. E., to whom they are much attached, … it was a table of mad people." Pure wine … allowed, being greatly diluted with water; …al food, sparingly, vegetables and fruit, …. In respect of dress, manners, &c., this …y thing but a repast of mad people: each … is well, and some are tastefully dressed; …r of politeness is studiously maintained. … one o'clock an excellent breakfast was served: the host, his nephew a Roman savant of some celebrity, and ourselves, comprised the whole of the party. The conversation turned wholly on aberrations, a wide and doubtful field into which Mons. Esquirol entered, with a tone of calm and shrewd observation, that it was delightful to listen to. A member of the Sorbonne, the Institute, and the eminent medical societies of Paris, he is of a temperament peculiarly fitted for his office; kind, gentle, humane, and devoted to the care and cure of derangement, with an anxious enthusiasm. In his manner of treatment he has been very successful: three English gentlemen left the asylum last year perfectly restored. A foe to severity, restraint, and harshness towards the patient; he observed that they were too prevalent in some of the asylums of England;—that, in the wandering of a vigorous as well as weak intellect, it was easy to "break the bruised reed." Seventy years of age, small of stature, and slender, his grey eye beaming with intelligence, each day is chiefly occupied in this work; visiting, besides, the great asylum of Charenton, and another, and giving lectures on the subject of madness in two or three schools; his round of duties is immense. The Roman savant, who was just returned from England, related several anecdotes of Italian madmen, among whom, he said, there was a wilder display of the passions than by any other people so visited. "Love, he observed, "often turned the brains of the Italians, even of the men."

"Ah!" said Mons. E. "love seldom drives a Frenchman mad: I never yet received a patient with such a malady. A Frenchman often kills himself in a sally of passion or feeling; but is seldom in love long enough to go mad about it."

After breakfast, it was proposed to visit the other buildings and the grounds. In the billiard room, through which we passed, five gentlemen, well dressed, were playing billiards with great earnestness; each of them was attended by a servant who stood behind and very near them, and whose business it was to have an incessant care of their masters, to follow them wherever they went, … the apartments or walks, to watch … and be responsible for the turn of the eye, &c. … said, for their safe behaviour. They are well …, the service is an anxious one, and an absence of a short time only from their charge is punished by dismissal.

It was a novel sight, of five handsomely-dressed madmen, two or three of them young, all in good condition and cheerful, playing billiards with as high a zest as if the world was to them all it once was—gay, bright, full of passion, intellect, hope. They were all men of independent fortunes—for the poor and dependent cannot enter here; six thousand francs is the annual sum paid for each patient. One of them, as we for a moment looked on the singular scene, suddenly paused as he was about to strike the ball, then quickly advanced and addressed us,—spoke eagerly of going to Paris the next day: this, our host said, was the burden of the song of almost every maniac of either sex, to go to Paris: they longed to do it, brooded over it, delighted to speak of it; and when restored to sanity, he warned the relatives not to take them to the capital, or suffer them to remain long among its excitements. Where this advice was disregarded, they were not unfrequently, he said, brought back to him in a few months.

A long garden, with serpentine gravel walks, conducted to two spacious square buildings—one appropriated to the men, another to the women: these were persons either incurable or in a very bad state, whose restoration must be the work of time.

The apartments stood within a corridor that ran all around the square, and afforded a sheltered walk to the unfortunate people, many of whom were moving restlessly about: in the middle of each square was a large grass plot. The place had no air of restraint or confinement about it, and resembled one of the large kiosks or country-houses in the east, one story only in height.

We first entered the hall of the edifice allotted to the men: it was a curious display of gentlemanly derangement. Whoever doubts that it is very possible to be genteelly mad, as distinguished from vulgarly or coarsely mad, would be convinced by a few minutes observation in this room. The maniac, laughing wild with woe—the pale moping misanthrope—were not here. A Spaniard and an Englishman sat among the French—the former was the gravest, the latter the saddest of the party.

A gentleman of Brittany, of an ancient family, was one of the most interesting—about thirty, handsome, of a florid complexion; the quick and suspicious glances of the eye alone indicated mental disorder. Politics and fanaticism combined had turned his brain: he had a good post under the government of Louis Philippe; resided in Paris, and bid fair to rise to an official situation, and be an ornament to his family, for his abilities were very good, as was evident even in his mad conversation. About three years since he went home to Brittany to pass a few weeks with his family: they were all fierce Carlists, he was a vehement Philippist. Daily disputes arose between the parents, and the son, and his brothers; they were sometimes aggravated to mutual wrath and bitterness of feeling: he heard the king derided and contemned every day; he was but one among many, for his family connexions were all Carlists. His mind was at last affected by this continual strife with his relatives, and he returned to Paris, with embittered feelings and a clouded fancy that did not however incapacitate him for his office. He soon after fell in with the St. Simonians, attended their societies, imbibed their views, at which he eagerly grasped, as if they contained a solace and support for his fleeting intellect; they only augmented its delusions; and in a few months his family were obliged to convey him to the care of M. Esquirol. At the end of a year he was sent forth, cured, went to Paris, contrary to the advice of the former, and resumed his situation. The St. Simonians were ruined; Pere Enfantin in prison; and their extravagances no longer exposed to danger the restored maniac; but the far more dangerous excitement of politics was in full force, and beset him on every side: he again became the partizan. The day previous to our visiting the mansion, he went mad in the gardens of the Tuileries, in some political discussion, and was instantly conveyed by his friends to his former abode—perhaps for many years, for a second visitation or relapse is more difficult to heal than the first. He was now the orator of the madman's hall; his religious fanaticism seemed to be forgotten; it had never been so strong as his political, which was the sole theme of his declamation. Seated on a lofty bench that looked like a rostrum, his right hand gently waving, and two or three at intervals listening to his words, this unfortunate youth harangued slowly and distinctly on his favourite topics.

His manner, not his matter, seemed to interest his companions. It is a sad and lonely feature in this mental malady that it has no companionship: a deranged person, however calmly or even cleverly he may talk, can rarely interest any of his fellow-sufferers in his own loved subject—he cannot impart to them any sympathy in his own wild or well-sustained enthusiasm.

This was the first morning of the returned Philippist in his desolate home. At times, in the midst of his declamation, his quick, anxious glances around seemed to denote a consciousness of his infirmity; yet it was evidently a luxury to him, though he spoke to careless ears, to talk about politics: the Spaniard, standing with folded arms at his side, alone listened with attention. "Has he been long thus?" I asked of the latter. With a sweet smile the dark-eyed and calm Spaniard told the history of the other's derangement, how long he had formerly been here, &c. "And yourself," I said, "have you been long here?" "Six months ago," he answered, "I was afflicted with a complaint in the chest," (laying his hand gracefully on it.) "and came here on account of the great healthiness of the air; there is nothing else the matter with me."

There was a young man of twenty years of age, with a mild and intelligent countenance, who walked continually up and down the hall, talking softly at times to himself, and making signs with his fingers on his forehead or in the air. Devoted by his parents from early life to the priesthood, he was sent very young from his home to be educated, made a rapid progress in his studies, and was contented with his destination, for he was very strictly brought up, and as yet knew nothing of the joys and allurements of the world. His parents congratulated themselves on their son's temper and prospects; they had two other sons, and could not afford to establish the youngest also in business or in a profession. The mother was what rarely now exists in French families, a devoted Catholic, clearing to her faith rigidly and fondly; from his infancy she had dedicated her youngest-born and favourite child to the church. About two years ago he was allowed to come to Paris to pass a few weeks with his uncle; he formed an acquaintance with two or three young men who visited at the house; they accompanied him to the various sights and lions of the city. All was new, brilliant, and beautiful to the student, whose feet should never have been suffered by his parents to approach the walls; the warning of Esquirol to his convalescent patients to go not or 'tarry not in Paris would have saved the young recluse from inexpressible misery. His companions by degrees led him to scenes of gaiety and indulgence; by degrees he loved them. He felt that the power of this world was greater within him than the powers of the world to come. It was helpless agony of mind, to which no one could minister. He returned to his home, and after a long conflict told his parents that he dared not become a priest, for he was sure he could not live a strict and holy life, and that it would never be in his power. They were astonished at these tidings, which did not, however, move them one jot from their purpose; the mother was even more inexorable than the father. It was strange how she strove, with tears, prayers, and warnings, to turn back his feelings and desires to their former course; and when she saw it could not be without a cruel violence to her son, she tormented him by her reproaches, and made the iron enter deeper into his soul. Pity, love, sympathy from those he loved might have done much; but they were not offered to him, or if offered, were so mingled with regrets and suspicions, that their balm was taken away. His countenance was ingenuous and candid, fresh coloured, with a light blue eye; it had nothing of the monk or of the cloister about it. The experience of a few weeks in Paris had taught him the secret of his own heart, which he had not known before. He had long looked forward with joy to a country life, to the duties of his charge, first as a *cure*, and then as a *vicaire*, for his family had influence in the church; he loved that life and those duties still, but he shrunk from the lonely, companionless lot. The anguish of his mind was more than he could bear; self-condemnation was not wanting; from his earliest life he had been the child of his faith, of its ceremonials, its terrors and its requirements; he could not cast them off at will—he could not wrench their long influence from his memory and fancy.

Reason at last gave way, and the wretched mother saw her son taken to a mad-house. The internal strife still lasted; the constant restlessness of manner, the quick strides up and down the hall, and movement of the lips. This was not religious madness; but rather an intolerable long… after the world—a too sudden transition … of the senses … feelings acting on great tenderness of conscience: … he was yet only twenty years of age. By the long and … whisperings, and the frequent signs of the cross on his brow, it was evident that he held much communion with himself. In spite of his youth and healthy appearance, his case is perhaps the most desperate of any—far more so than that of the pale Spaniard, the relapsed Philippist, or the sad Englishman, because in his shattered mind there is remorse for the past and hopelessness for the future—fearful guests to bring to an asylum, even to so gay a one as that of Mons. E.

On the opposite side of the room, seated at a long table, his head leaning on his right hand, was an English gentleman. All around him were either excited, cheerful, or calm; to all of them he was a striking contrast; melancholy seemed to have marked him for her own; he never lifted his head or his look at the declamations of the Philippist, or seemed to notice the demeanour or movements of any fellow-madman. Abstracted from every thing, his long pale face, worn thin by thought, was bent towards the table on which his eyes also were fixed. I addressed him; he lifted his head and looked at me with a sickly smile, and murmured that he should walk on the grounds presently; again he leaned his head on his hands, and sank into his quiet musing mood. He was the most forlorn-looking being there; it was a pitiable lot—a man of fortune evidently, from his demeanour and manner, torn from his family, and friends, and home, to be the associate of madmen, and yet not their associate—for he lived, and dreamed, and rambled in a world of his own—a silent, sad, almost speechless world. Yet this may be a hasty judgment. "The disorders of the brain," observed M. Esquirol, "are a mystery; though I have devoted half a century to their development they are still a mystery." And this poor Englishman, outwardly so forlorn, might at this very moment be feeding on absent things; precious imaginings of home might be flitting … phantom memories. I shall never forget the trembling eagerness, the impassioned hope, with which a young woman ran up to the iron railing of the grounds where she was walking, and implored me to use my influence that her three children might be brought to her that she might see them again; her cheek wildly flushed, and her eyes flashed—but it was with a mother's love.

On leaving this apartment, an iron gate conducted to a pleasure-ground, allotted to the exclusive use of the persons we had just seen, and others in the same state, not convalescent, who walk here whenever they wish, each of them attended by his servant. The system of M. Esquirol encourages free exercise and fresh air as often as possible, as most salutary to the spirits and frames of the patients, to banish sullenness and loneliness, and keep them cheerful and in good temper. He is as averse to confinement and indulgence as to severity and restraint. This pleasure-ground would tempt the sane as well as insane to walk often and long; it looks on the Seine, beautifully flowing in a broad stream; at this time its waters had inundated the fields and meadows, and looked like a lake, out of whose bosom and groves arose, and cottages seemed here and there like little isles. The gravel walks led down to some distance, a long and pleasant walk.

In the middle of this ground, a green mound arose from its grassy bed, like a miniature and graceful hill; on its summit was a pleasure house that commanded a delightful and extensive view. Here the unfortunate patients often sat and surveyed the fine and animated scene: the Seine and the boats going from the interior to Paris; the villages on the shores, the plains and forests beyond. Surely the contemplation of such a scene must have a salutary influence on the imagination, even in its diseased state. Our host observed that in many of the asylums of England there was not sufficient space of gardens or grounds to exercise and amuse the patients; he considered a large, agreeable, and diversified area, that should resemble the country in freedom, and the garden in taste and luxury, was invaluable to an asylum. The air in this spot is remarkably salubrious; indeed, the aspect of the place was rather that of the park and grounds of a wealthy Englishman than of a Maison des Fous. To the relatives of the inmates it must be consoling to reflect that so much enjoyment, taste, and comfort is mingled in the bitter cup they have to drink, debarred from no recreation, of music, of active and varied exercise, of books. A love of reading has, in general, little place within such walls; even men of well cultivated minds are seldom very desirous to take up a volume, or peruse it more in form than in reality. The mind of the deranged person seem to fly off from all attempts to concentrate it on any fixed subject, even the lightest. They require to be tempted to read by the materials being put in their way, and by a selection suited to their former tastes and vein of thought. We entered the apartment of a more interesting person,—an English gentleman (not the sad one in the hall) of fortune, young, well-looking, stout, and well-made, and apparently in excellent health: the room was carpeted, and well-furnished; some volumes were on the table near the fire, and a chess-board, with which he often amused himself: he had just left the apartment. A few minutes afterwards, passing by his bed-room, the door of which was open, we could not help pausing to look at him. He was well worth looking at: the *beau ideal* of a mad Englishman; a man of taste even in madness—a fashionable lunatic, but there was something deeper than fashion in his looks and manner, he seldom spoke, perhaps he was too proud—more probably he had a consciousness of his state,—his eye seemed to say so,—and there is nothing so appealing, so painful as the look of a man who knows that his intellect is departing. He was seated on a chair, a looking-glass was on the table beside him, in which he was contemplating his own features in a fixed attitude as he reclined in the chair. Perhaps those features awakened thoughts of the past, of his own better state, or of those who had loved to gaze on that face and trace a resemblance there: he had a wife and two children in England in an affluent home. Is it possible that, even in derangement, there is not some communion of the spirit with those to whom it has cleaved, and still cleaves, in every interval of light and mercy that returns to it? He turned and looked fixedly at us: what proud sorrow was in that look! There was firmness mingled with its loneliness; gradually another expression came of a more equivocal kind—a sad, dark, and malignant expression, as if he hated to be thus gazed on, and we were injuring him deeply. We understood afterwards that he was slowly recovering from his malady, was solitary, yet fastidious in his habits: would play chess for hours by himself, yet was evil-disposed, and of a gloomy temper. In some of the rooms are pianos for the more musically-disposed patients, on which they often amuse themselves for hours. There was another department in this interesting establishment which we also saw, and under the immediate guidance of its chief, on whose valuable time we had already trespassed too long. The dinner hour to all Paris drew near, but not to these unfortunate inmates, who have no fixed hour for their repast, which they never take in company, but each at the hour he fancies. We next visited the edifice appropriated to the mad ladies, respecting which and its inmates an account may hereafter be given.

THE MAMELUKES.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ. LL. D.

Dull clouds gather round the pale beams of the crescent,
The flags of the infidel shine in the sun—
Al hamdu li illah!—the light evanescent
Is veil'd—let the will of high Allah be done.
We dream of the past, but the past is departed;
We look to the future, it wears a black pall:
Al hamdu li illah!—the brave are faint-hearted—
The mantle of destiny girdeth us all.

Time was, when the palms in Granada we planted!
The palms flourish still, but the planters are gone:
Time was, when our songs by the Darro we chaunted;
Al hamdu li illah!—the Darro flows on;
But our voices are choked—our Alheli's faded—
Thick deepens the darkness foretold by the seer:
Al hamdu li illah!—our Stamboul invaded—
And where is the standard of Mahomet—where?

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

"Well," said I to myself, getting into the diligence, to go from Havre to Paris, "a pretty day I shall have of it; to be crammed from sunrise to sunset in a jolting prison, face to face with a parcel of folks that you have never laid your eyes on before!"

To tell the truth, I was in a mood for grumbling; and, on looking at my companions I saw nothing to soften it. They were all well dressed, to be sure, but there was a general air of coldness, distance, and restraint, that promised badly.

"What are you waiting for?" I inquired rather pettishly, of the driver of the vehicle.

"Only for Col. St. Aubin, and it wants a few minutes of the time. Yonder he comes."

Hardly was the word said, before a genteel, elegantly formed man, in a military dress and a blue Spanish cloak, made his appearance.

In spite of large black eyes and moustachoes, the smile on a handsome mouth, with ivory teeth, indicated habitual gaiety and good-humour.

"Ah, gentlemen!" said he, looking round and taking his seat—"I am glad to see we are full. A diligence is a dull affair, which nothing can make tolerable but good company."

My blue devils took flight in a minute. The officer made his remark in such a pleasant tone that it seemed immediately to banish the reserve and awaken the kindly feelings of every one, and the next moment we were as if we had been over a bottle of champagne. The colonel was the life of the party—witty and easy, well-informed and polite.

The diligence had rolled on rapidly for some time, when, as we suddenly turned round a hill that overhung the river, one of the passengers cried out—"There is Caudebec! What a beautiful landscape that is!"

In a moment every eye was directed to the spot, and filled with admiration. It was, indeed, a lovely prospect. The valley below, swelling in gentle undulations, was covered with wheat and rye fields in their tenderest green, and far away rose lofty hills in softened blue. Not a fence or a hedge row broke the wide spread sea of verdure; but here and there wooded spots, with lofty trees, lay like islands, and white cottages sprinkled over the scene, shone like so many distant sails. Just at our feet, glided on the river—broad, still, and silvery, which here making a bend, inclosed most of the valley in its semi-circle. The day was one of the sweetest to give effect to picturesque beauty; clear without being dazzling, with a few … the sun, and varying the tints of the landscape beneath.—Our handsome officer, who had hitherto been the life of the party by his wit, intelligence, and good humor, sank back in his seat, with his right hand passed over his eyes.

The diligence rattled on through the town, ascended the hill beyond, and entered a road bordered on both sides by formal rows of apple trees, while the beautiful landscape disappeared gradually from our view.

Once, and only once, as our slumbering vehicle was passing through the town, the officer looked hurriedly out of the windows and shrinking convulsively back, resumed his former position.

I know not how it was, but his sudden and incomprehensible taciturnity seemed contagious. From being as gay as a wedding party, we became as grave as the attendants of a funeral. The officer was the first to break silence, and by his conversational powers our former hilarity was soon restored.

"And now, colonel," said a passenger, "if I be not too bold, pray tell me why you were seized with such a fit of the blue devils—you, the gayest of the gay—just when every one else was enraptured with the finest view on our route."

The officer's countenance fell, and immediately regained an appearance of composure.

"I have no reason, gentlemen," said he, "to make any mystery, and perhaps my involuntary conduct requires an explanation. I was in that town once before, and the sudden mention of it brought to memory one of the most eventful and awful scenes of my life—one which I cannot even think of now without shuddering. I would detail what after five years has lost little of its original intensity, did I not fear tiring you."

We all earnestly begged him to proceed, as we well knew it was no ordinary occurrence that had produced such enduring effects on one of his temperament.

The officer, after a moment's reflection, proceeded—

"Five years ago, as I was on my way from Paris to Havre, to join my regiment, the diligence, in passing through Rouen, took in an old gentleman and his daughter, whose whole air and appearance bore the stamp of birth and education. I occupied a back seat, and as they entered I alternately offered it to both of them, but they declined coldly, though politely. The other seats were filled with young officers, destined for the same place as myself. They were all strangers to me; yet, as there is a kind of freemasonry among military men, conversation soon became general, and unrestrained among us. The father and daughter seemed alone excluded from the common gaiety.

"It was not until after perhaps an hour, that I bethought me of the want of good feeling, not to say of politeness, in making these two individuals feel that they were the only strangers, I addressed some few indifferent words to the old gentleman, who replied readily and freely, and we soon got into a steady and interesting conversation. He now of his own accord, requested me to exchange seats, as riding backwards affected him. This change brought me alongside the daughter, not a little to my wishes you may be sure, as I was gallant to all the sex, and especially to those having any pretensions to beauty. I had not distinctly seen my fair fellow-traveller, on account of her veil and bonnet, but a fine form, and glimpses of sparkling black eyes and a lovely complexion, were quite sufficient. Never in my life did I exert myself more to render myself interesting, and with less success. She always answered me intelligently and politely, yet so very brief, that after several attempts I desisted, and renewed my intercourse with the more sociable father.

"When we arrived at the hotel in the town we have just passed, we officers all agreed to sup together. The father and daughter withdrew to their apartments.—Our supper was prolonged till pretty late in the night; but as we had to depart at the break of day, we at last separated to get a few hours' repose. Whether it was the fatigue of the journey, mental excitement, or the effect of an extra glass, I know not, but I felt no inclination to sleep. I took books out of my trunk—novels, travels, and poetry—all to no purpose. My eyes then danced over the pages in a kind of vacuity that left no distinct impression on the mind. I looked out at the moon, and paced up and down the room with a vague feeling of impatience and unhappiness for no assignable reason. It was so very still that the tickings of my watch struck me with a distinctness so painful that I immediately stopped it. While in this state I was startled by a voice quite near to me, which I immediately knew for that of my fair fellow-traveller warbling exquisitely, in a soft under-tone, the beautiful air 'Nel Cor,' from the opera of 'Idalide.' For a moment I experienced a thrill of satisfaction, that a human being was awake and so near me.

"On examination I found that there was a door between my room and hers, apparently long nailed up and disused. Two or three times I was on the point of tapping, and of attempting a conversation, but the utter impropriety and indelicacy of such conduct as often struck me. As I was impatiently ruminating, she commenced in the same *sotto voce*, the song from Trilby Lutin *Encante*. I listened till she had concluded the first verse; then, taking up the tune, I sang, loud enough for her to hear, the second verse, where Trilby replies to Jeany. Her voice immediately ceased, and after a few light footsteps and gentle movements, I heard no further noise in her chamber. I listened long and eagerly, and then reflected with compunction that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in breathing one accent to a strange lady in her chamber.

"It must have been very late, when, wearied more in mind and body, I threw myself, without undressing, on the bed. As for sleep, I had no expectation of it. I did sleep, however,—a sleep I shall never forget! Frequently I was awakened by sudden starts, and when I slumbered again I was surrounded by strange forms and faces, that stared frightfully at me, and also shouted in my ear. My dreams eventually assumed greater distinctness on my senses. I seemed to hear tumultuous voices, the roaring of drums, ringing of bells, and occasionally peals like thunder. I felt oppressed by the glare of light. Even now I am conscious of having suffered much in the throes of that deep and feverish sleep. A noise like thunder, and a violent vibration, startled me from my uneasy couch, and I sprang on the floor. I looked around me with half scattered senses. My dreams still continued, for I heard the shouts and screams of hundreds of voices, the drums roll their alarm as on the eve of battle, numerous bells clanged forth their jingling notes, and the room glared with rapid flashes, as if illuminated by the bursting of a volcano. Accustomed to danger, I soon collected myself. I approached the window, and saw that the town was on fire—that the conflagration was raging around the very spot where I was sleeping. It was the blowing up of a house in the vicinity that had so suddenly aroused me. The wind blew high, and the flames rolling on in broad sheets, were spreading from house to house. My hotel was evidently burning. It may well be supposed that I did not gaze long. I rushed towards my door, but at the very moment I recollected the lady near me. I paused—I confess it!—but it was only a pause—whether I should save myself. 'What! leave a helpless woman!—never!' I knocked violently at her door—there was no answer. This was not a time for ceremony. I tried with all my strength to force an entry, but in vain; the door resisted my utmost efforts. Meantime the light became more and more bright, and the noise of the crowd increased below, as if nearer and nearer, and more numerous. I sprang to my own door, and found it closed. I well remembered locking it before going to bed, and taking the key out, but had entirely forgotten where I had put it. After attempting to burst it open with my foot, I essayed it, first with a chair, and then with a table, till both were shivered into fragments, without as much as shaking the solid fastenings. I relaxed my exertions, exhausted and bathed in perspiration.

"Once more I went to the window, to try and ascertain my exact position. I discovered that the conflagration was rapidly hemming me in, and that they were rapidly plying fire-engines, and now and then blowing up houses to endeavor to arrest its progress. As I could see by the light that the street below was crowded with people, I determined to call for assistance. The window sashes were closed by a construction I did not understand, and many efforts to open them proved unavailing. In my impatience I dashed both my hands through the panes of glass, and although severely cut by them, I felt no pain at the time. The smoke poured in so dense and hot through the aperture I had made, that I had to retire; but, reaching the window a second time, I called loudly for aid. Amid the clamor of voices and the roaring of the flames, a cannon could scarcely have … aware that … I halloed till I was made fully … drove me from my position.

"The room began to be oppressively hot, and the floor parched my feet. I had faced death in a hundred battle fields, and feared it not; but to die amid excruciating and protracted torments! I sank down on my bed in despair. The black smoke that dashed against my window, was now mixed with gushes of dark red flame, which shivered the panes, and colored the room with a murky cloud.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is all over! I have nothing to do but die like a man!'

"My eyes, irritated by the vapour, were filled with tears, and I could no longer distinguish objects: my body was scorching, and I panted for breath, inhaling at every respiration a poisoned atmosphere. At this time, a loud plash rattled through the shivering panes, and I was deluged with a shower of water. I was restored to life, and with it to hope. The air of the room was once more clear and freshened. Once more I arose, and resolved to make another effort at preservation. I seized the tongs and poker, and tried to force the locks of the two doors. My strength increased with my desperation. I toiled till the skin was rubbed from my before lacerated hands, and they were bathed in blood. All was useless, and hope died thoroughly within me. Almost fainting, I staggered back against the wall. In that position, I saw my reflection in a large mirror, and in spite of my absorbing situation, I was appalled at my appearance. My eyes were haggard and bloodshotten; my hair, bedewed with perspiration, hung like handspikes; my lips were black and parched; and the pallidness of my skin was frightfully contrasted with spots of soot and streaks of gore from my now bleeding hands.

"What I have related was but the events of a few minutes, although hours seemed compressed in the hurried thoughts and rapid actions of that horrid period. The consummation was rapidly approaching.—A wooden portico, covered with tin, just under my window, had long resisted the furious element, and had been kept below ignition by the engines; but at length, overcome by the intense heat from the neighboring houses, it spouted up in a pyramid of fire, that was borne by the wind, with whirls of smothering smoke, immediately into my room. My lungs were so overcome with the heated and deleterious air, that I felt choked. My head swam round, and my knees were sinking under me.

"I now remembered to have heard that there is always in such cases a layer of pure air near the door, and I threw myself upon my face. In fact, I did breathe freer there. I listened for human accents or movements in the house, but heard none. All at once, the noise of the crowd below subsided, and from the few occasional shouts through the speaking trumpets, I understood that the house was about to be blown. I almost felt relieved to think that this would speedily terminate my dreadful fate.—While thus extended on the floor, my eye caught the door key near me. I regained the door, but the dense sulphureous medium into which I rose, completely paralyzed my exhausted frame: I reeled round, and fell senseless. I only remember, that as I sprang from the floor, it seemed to me I heard something like footsteps and voices, and that as I fell a loud crash rang in my ears.

"How long I lay insensible I know not, but when I recovered I found myself upon a bed in a handsome room, a gentleman in black, who I afterwards discovered to be a physician, close by me, and several servants around.

"As soon as I moved he begged me to remain quiet, and indeed I had no other inclination. I felt as if there was scarcely sufficient strength in me to inhale or respire my breath. I had achings in my limbs, and a soreness along the veins, especially in the arms; but the worst of all was the most insufferable nausea. The burns were inconsiderable. My head was bathed in Cologne water, leeches applied to my chest, and ice-water given me to drink, till finally the irritability of my stomach was allayed. It was, however, three days before I was restored to any thing like comfort; even then I was as weak as a child, but the disease was conquered. I had made many attempts to question my attendants, and they had as often positively refused to talk with me. When they saw me really convalescent, my queries were entirely satisfied.

"How had I been saved! Who had thought of the stranger, when every one was intent on his own safety, and that of his property? Who but woman!—weak, timid woman, who, careless to the impulses of ambition, perils all when she can serve humanity!

"My lovely neighbor had been awakened by her father a few minutes before, and hurried off to a place of safety. As soon as the inmates of the hotel were assembled and she saw that one was missing, that I was not there, she beseeched the firemen, the landlord, the officers, and her old father, to save me. They declared with one voice that the attempt would be useless—madness. Hardly had her father left her to look after his trunks, than again she begged and implored the firemen, until moved by a full purse, two of the stoutest and most resolute offered to go.—But who was to show the way? Before the question could be well asked, she rushed on before them, while a scream was heard from every one near her. She led the way to the room she had so lately occupied—now almost as dark as night with smoke. The firemen recoiled, until they saw her still press on. A sturdy blow from their axes—and the door flew in shivers. The firemen rushing in, raised my almost lifeless body on his shoulders, while, at the same time, his companion had to catch up, and bear off the heroic girl, who had sunk on the floor the moment she had seen me prostrate.

"'And where is my preserver!' I inquired of my informant, when I had heard the history.

"'She is in the same hotel where you are at present,' said the physician, 'but with her delicate frame, her convalescence cannot be as rapid as yours.'

"The first use, you may rest assured, that I made of my returning health, was to visit one to whom I owed every thing.—With my ardent gratitude, I should have been fascinated, had I found her less beautiful, less sensible, or less amiable—as it was, I found her an angel. I will not tire you with the details of what may seem a mawkish love story of common romance. Suffice it to say—that awful night, which still makes my blood run cold, made me what I now am—a happy and beloved husband!"

Thus our travelling companion related his story, which was listened to by us all with breathless anxiety. After a few moments our conversation was again resumed, and so great an effect had it in killing the tedium of a diligence ride, that we soon found ourselves in the streets of Paris.—When about to separate, our lively companion shook me cordially by the hand, and we parted with a promise to become better acquainted.

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

The sunbeam of the morning
Is shining on thy face,
Thy beauty more adorning—
Where not one cruel trace
By sorrow's hand is printed;
But a smile there sweetly plays
On cheeks with roses tinted—
While innocence displays
Her calm of holy feeling!
Oh! lovely, hallowed sight!
And thy honeyed breath is stealing
Through lips all ruby bright;
Thy little arms lie nerveless;
A heaven doth round thee shine.
Oh, God! to know such moments
Once, once, were also mine!

THE DEATH OF SOTO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS."

But wind me in a banner bright—
A banner of Castile—
And let the war drums round me roll,
The trumpets o'er me peal;
And bury me at noon of night,
When gone is the sultry gleam—
At noon of night, by torches' light,
In the Mississippi stream.

It was the evening of a sultry day, sultry almost beyond endurance, although the season had not advanced beyond the early spring time—the sun, though shrouded from human eyes by a dense veil of moist and clammy vapor, was pouring down a flood of intolerable heat upon the pathless canebrakes, the deep bayous—haunts of the voracious and unseemly alligator—and the forests steaming with excess of vegetation, through which the sullen river rolled its … the bosom of the waters, at the confluence of some nameless tributary and the vast Mississippi, stood the dwelling of the first white man that ever trod those boundless solitudes. It was a rude and shapeless edifice of logs, hewn from the cypresses and cedars of the swamp, which lay outstretched for a thousand miles around, by "hands unused to aught of base or menial labor;" yet were there certain marks of comfort, and even of luxury, to be traced in the decorations and appliances of that log cabin; a veil of sea-green silk was drawn across the aperture which perforated the massy timbers of the wall; a heavy drapery of crimson velvet, decked with a fringe and embroidery of gold, was looped up to the two lintals, as if to admit whatever breath of air might sweep along the channel of the river. Nor were these all;—a lofty staff was pitched before the door, from which drooped, in gorgeous folds, the yellow banner, rich with the castled blazonry of Spain; and beside it a tall warrior—sheeted from head to heel in burnished armor, with gilded spur and belted brand—stalked to and fro, as though he were on duty upon some tented plain, in his own land of chivalry and song. At a short distance in the rear might be observed a camp, if by that name might be designated a confused assemblage of huts, suited for the accommodation of five hundred men; horses were picqueted around; spears, decked with pennon and pennoncel, and all the bravery of knightly welfare, were planted before the dwellings of their owners; sentinels, in gleaming mail, paced their accustomed round. But in that strange encampment, there was no mirth, no bustle—not even the low hum of converse, or the note of preparation. The soldiers glided to and fro, with humbled gait and sad demeanor; the fiery chargers drooped their proud heads to the ground, and appeared to lack sufficient animation to dash aside the swarms of venomous flies, that battened, as it seemed upon their very life-blood; the huge blood-hounds, those dread auxiliaries of Spanish warfare, of which a score or two were visible among the cabins, lay slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged themselves along, after the heels of their masters, with slouching crests, and in attitudes widely different from the fierce activity of their usual motions. Pestilence and famine were around them, on the thick and breezeless air—in the dark waters, in the deep morass, and in the vaults of the pine forest, the seeds of death were floating—avengers of the luckless tribes, already scattered or enslaved by the iron arm of European war. Oh—how did they pine for the clear streams of Guadalquivir, or the viney banks of the snow-clad summits of their native Sierras—those fated followers of the Demon Gold. How did their recollection dout upon the waving palms, the orange groves, the huertas and meads of fair Grenada! In vain, in vain! Of all those gallant hundreds, who had leaped in confidence and hope from their proud brigantines, upon the glowing shores of Florida, glittering in polished steel, and "very gallant, with silk upon silk," who had traversed the wild country of the Appalachians, who had seen the gleam of Spanish arms reflected from the black streams of Alabama, who had made the boundless prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed notes of the Castilian trumpet, who had spread the terrors of the Spanish name, with all its barbarous accompaniments of havoc and slaughter, through wilds untrod before, by feet of civilized man. Of all those gallant hundreds, but a weak and wasted moiety was destined to reach the shores of their far father-land, and that, not as they had fondly deemed, in the pride, the exultation, and the health of conquest, but in want, and heaviness, and wo.

The arrows of the savage, and the yet fiercer arrows of the plague, dearly repaid the injuries that they had wreaked already on the wretched natives; dearly repaid too, as it were, by anticipation, the wrongs that their children and their children's children should wreak, in long perspective on the forest dwellers of the west.

There, in that lonely hut, there lay the proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the mightiest intellect, the favorite comrade of Pizarro, the joint conqueror of Peru! There lay Hernando de Soto, his fiery energies even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame; his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye that had flashed the more brilliantly, the deadlier was the peril—dim and filmy; his high heart sick—sick and fearful, not for himself, but for his followers; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone, like the leaves of autumn! There he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world—a world, never destined to bless him or his posterity with its redundant riches.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to the battle for a crown. But their frames were gaunt and emaciated, their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body; their eyes wet with the scenes of bitterness. The dark cowled priests had administered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched, in breathless silence, the parting of his spirit.—An Indian maiden, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow, with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of voracious insects, that thronged the tainted air! There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy sob-like breathing of the dying man, and the occasional whinings of a tall hound, the noblest of his race which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible, the silken veil fluttered inwards, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without. As the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze, a sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber, and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Heavily, and with a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Moscoso," he said, "Moscoso, art thou near me?—my eyes wax dim and it will soon be over. Art thou, for I would speak with thee?"

"Noble De Soto, I am beside thee," he replied. "Say on: I hear and mark thee!"

"Give me thy hand!" Then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high, and continued in clear and unfaltering tones, though evidently with an effort—"True, friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own; by this right hand, I do adjure thee, to observe and to obey these my last mandates."

"Shall I swear it?" cried the stern warrior whom he addressed in a tone and voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement—"Shall I swear it?"

"Swear not, Moscoso!—leave oaths to paltry burghers, and to cringing vassals—but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble—so shall I die in peace!"

"By the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble—as I am a born hidalgo, and a belted knight I promise thee in spirit and in truth, in deed, and word, and thought, to do thy bidding!"

"Then, by this token," and he instantly drew a large and massive ring from his own wasted hand, and placed it on the finger of Moscoso, "then by this token, do I name thee my successor—the leader of thy host, and captain General of Spain! Sound trumpets—heralds make proclamation!" A moment or two elapsed, and the wild flourish of the trumpets was heard without and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation: they ceased; but there was no shout of triumph, or applause.

"Ha, by St. Jago!" cried the dying chief,—"Ha, by St. Jago, but this must not be; tis ominous and evil. Go forth then Jasco, and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this, their loyal leader."

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was with a feeble voice.

"I am going," he said; "whence there is no return! now mark me, by your plighted word I do command you; battle not farther, for the fates are adverse! Conquer not this region—for I have conquered it, and it is mine! mine, mine, though dying. Mine it shall be though dead! March to the coast as best ye may, build ye such vessels as may bear ye from the main, and save this remnant of my people! Wilt thou do this, as thou hast pledged thyself to do it, noble Moscoso?"

"By all my hopes, I will!"

"Me, then, me shall ye bury thus! Not with lamentations, not with womanish tears, not with vile sorrow, but with rejoicing anthem, with the blare of the trumpet, and the strong music of the drum! Ye shall sheath me in my mail, with my helmet on my head, and my spur on my heel!—With my sword in my hand, shall ye bury me—and with a banner of Castile for my shroud! In the depths of the river—of my river—shall ye bury me! with lighted torch and a volley of musketry, at the mid hour of night! For am I not a conqueror; a conqueror of a world; a conqueror with none to brave my arm, or to gainsay my bidding? Where, where is the man savage or civilized; Christian or Heathen; Indian or Spaniard, who hath defied Hernan de Soto, and not perished from the earth? Death is upon me; death from the Lord of earth and heaven! To him I do commit me; but to mortal … door-way, and whispered a brief message to Moscoso. Slight as was the sounds, and dim as hanged the senses of De Soto, he marked the entrance of the soldier, and eagerly inquired the purport of the news!

"A messenger," was the reply "an Indian runner, from the Natchez."

"Admit him, he bears submission, admit him, so shall I die with triumph in my heart."

The Indian entered; a man of stern features, and of well-nigh giant stature. His head, shaven to the chivalrous scalp-lock, was decked with the plumes of the war-eagle, mingled with feathers of a greyer hue, his coat was circled by a necklace, strung from the claws of a grizzly bear and cougar, fearfully mixed with tufts of human hair; his lineaments were covered with the black war paint, in one hand he bore the crimson war-pipe, and in the other the well known emblem of Indian hostility, a bundle of shafts bound in the skin of the rattlesnake.—With a noiseless step he crossed the chamber, he flung the deadly gift upon the death bed of De Soto; he raised the red pipe to his lips, he puffed the smoke, and then, in the wild accents of his native tongue, bore to the Spaniards the defiance of his tribe, concluding his speech with the oft heard and unforgotten cadences of the war whoop!

As the dying leader caught the raised tone of the Indian's words, his eye had lightened, and his brow contracted in a writhing frame! He knew the import of his speech, by the modulations of his voice; his lips quivered, his chest heaved, his hands clutched the thin coverlid, as though they were grappling to the lance or rapier. The wild notes of a war-whoop rang through his ears, and in death itself; the ruling passion was prevalent, manifestly, terribly prevalent.

He sprung to his feet, his form dilating, and his features flushing with all the energy of life. St. Jago, he shouted, "for Spain! for Spain! Soto and victory," and with an impotent effort to strike, he fell flat upon his face, at the feet of the Indian who had provoked his dying indignation!

They raised him, but a flood of gore had gushed from his eyes, mouth, ears; he had bursted some of the larger vessels; and was already lifeless ere he struck the ground!

The sun had even now sunk beneath the horizon, and ere the preparations for the funeral had been completed, it was already midnight.—Five hundred torches of the resinous pine flashed with their crimson reflections on the turbid water, as the bark glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowled priests, with pix, and crucifix, and streaming censer, floated in the van, making the vaulted woods to echo the high notes of the Te Deum, chanted in lieu of the mournful Miserere over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

But as the canoe came onward in which the corpse was placed; seated erect, as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders, the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle-drum, and the Spanish war-cry "St. Jago for De Soto and for Spain"—and the crash of the volleying arquebuses might be heard, startling the wild beasts, and the wilder Indians, of the forest for leagues around.

There was a deep pause; a deep, deep pause, a sullen splash; and every torch was extinguished. "The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters."

—Sunday Reading.—

AN AWFUL PROVIDENCE.

'God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints.'—*Psalms.*

At Amsterdam, in Holland, occurred the following remarkable event: As Mr. Fleming, a pious and godly minister, was preaching on a Lord's day to his congregation, there was observed amidst the multitude three young men whose behaviour, during divine service, was so indecorous and infamous, that it not only attracted the notice of the people, but also excited the attention of the minister, who, after a little time, reproved them in public, desiring at least that they would behave decently while under the sacred roof. This gentle admonition seemed rather to increase than check their misbehavior; and they most daringly offered greater contempt to the preaching of the word, which they signified by pealing oranges, cracking nuts, and making wry mouths at the minister. The serious preacher was moved a second time to admonish them, at which they appeared still more enraged than before, persisting in their shameful and profane practices.—He was then so impressed and shocked at their hardened behavior that in the midst of the discourse he made a solemn pause, turned and looked them full in the face for some time, apparently with much agitation in his countenance, and then spoke to the three young men in the following awful and solemn manner: "I am sorry to be the author of such a dreadful, alarming message, to you, and I have begged of the Lord to excuse me from it, but he will not; therefore I must not shrink from the painful duty of declaring the awful and confirmed impression of my mind. I now tell you, that you have not a week longer to live in this world:"—This dreadful sentence, proceeding from the mouth of a man, somewhat excited the doubtful apprehensions of the congregation, who thought it proceeded from precipitancy and rashness; and some of his intimate friends were of opinion that religion would suffer reproach for it, especially if it should not prove true. The minister said, let the event prove the truth of it, for I am persuaded I was moved by the spirit of God to say what I did, as prophetic of their awful end. Monday passed, and nothing occurred; but on Tuesday, one of the young men went on board a vessel to prosecute an intended voyage, (as had been fixed previous to the affair) but in consequence of a violent storm that arose, the ship was driven on shore, whereby this poor unhappy wretch was launched into an awful eternity. On Wednesday, another of the young men was concerned in a quarrel with some person, the issue of which was, fighting a duel with swords, wherein this unhappy victim fell. On Thursday the only surviving one was taken suddenly ill, at which he began to be terrified, as two of his sinful companions were already cut off. He then sent for the same minister whom he had ridiculed the preceding Sabbath. When Mr. Fleming arrived at the house, he asked the young man what he wanted him for.—The young man begged he would pray with him. When the minister requested to know what he would have him petition for, the young man told him for his life. "That is not in my power to do," said the minister, "for I am sure you will die." "Then," said the young man, "beg or pray for the life of my soul." The minister so far consented as to kneel down by his bedside, in which posture he continued for a considerable time, and then arose without speaking a word. He then said to the young man that he found his lips so closed that he could not utter a syllable on his behalf, and so took his leave of him; when, soon after, the young man died in horror and despair, which closed the sad and awful catastrophe.—*Wonders of Nature and Providence.*

It is related of Latimer, that when he once preached before that tyrant Henry VIII. he took a plain, straight forward text, and in his sermon assailed those very sins for which the monarch was notorious, and he was stung to the quick, for truth always finds a response in the worst man's conscience. He would not bend beneath the authority of his God, and he therefore sent for Latimer, and said, 'Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all you said to-day when you preach next Sunday.' The trimming courtiers were all anxious to know the consequence of this, and the chapel was crowded. The venerable man took his text, and, after a pause, begun with a soliloquy, thus:—Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of the earthly monarch; thy life is in his hands, and if thou dost not suit thyself to his fancies, he will bring down thy gray hairs with blood to the grave; but, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee—thou art in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, who hath told thee, 'fear not them that kill the body, and then can do no more; but rather fear Him who can kill both body and soul,—and cast thee into hell forever! Yea, I say, Hugh Latimer, fear Him.' He then went on, and not only repeated what he had before advanced, but, if possible, enforced it with greater emphasis. What was the consequence? Henry sent for him, and said, 'How durst thou insult thy monarch so?' Latimer replied, 'I thought if I were unfaithful to my earthly king, how could I serve the king of kings?' The king embraced the good old bishop,—exclaiming: 'And is there yet one man left, who is bold and honest enough to tell me the truth?'

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

THE FEMALE SEX.

Mr. Editor:—Soon after reading your … yourself, the constant, … advocate of the ladies and their interests, I was struck with the force of a remark in another paper—that "men really fond of ladies' society, cherishing for the fair sex, sincere, nay, reverential respect, are but seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, whose words supply the place of ideas, and substitute compliments for sentiment,—are favorites.' Ladies of benevolent, unsuspicious disposition have often been imposed on by empty, hollow sounds, by vain, presumptuous, wicked affection and idle professions of regard. A true, genuine respect for lovely woman produces respectful action towards them; and respectful is usually distant action; and unfortunately, great distance or much reserve is often mistaken by them for neglect, or for want of interest. For one, I can say, that any thing approaching the slightest diminution of respect for the fair sex, has never been so felt, as when they have been seen wasting or misbestowing their smiles upon the unworthy; upon creatures knowing no higher rule of action than what they consider popular, current, who can as 'twere instinctively find out that, and have perhaps neither the will nor the ability to investigate the right or wrong of actions. Destitute of moral courage, dare not be singular,—dare not be virtuous in the midst of vice. Now, Sir, we would have our fair friends know that they are in many instances, admired, loved, respected, and highly too, by individuals almost perfect strangers to them, and of sterling worth; by men whose delicacy of sentiment, whose innate, deeply rooted heaven—inspired love of the sex, prevents them bringing their simple artless speech into competition with the apparently well received "eloquent prattle" of the happy rogues who find their felicity in merely amusing the other sex,—having the same words, the same toys, the same frivolity, the same hypocrisy, the same pretty self, to display on every new occasion, to every new face, to ladies in general—because, forsooth, they in their half civilized philosophy, have concluded that this is the way to please a woman.

Mr. Editor: We find in every portion of our improving country, scores of women already far, very far, above the senseless tricks of coxcombs, and hollow hearted pretenders—those who barely tolerate, merely endure such idle trumpery in the occasional absence of better articles. Having the ladies well convinced of the truth of our sentiments here made, we would hope that they will never fail to meet worthy and sincere pretensions, and very modest approaches "half way," and especially in every recurrence of their privileged Bissextile, to avail themselves of all the means afforded them for snatching man from the certain ruin of protracted celibacy. In the present season of dullness and distress, we would have them, recollecting their neglect of the recently passed LEAP YEAR, to make up the loss, by substituting and well employing the latter half of 1837.—*News Car.*

TEMPER.—Good temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over every thing. It is the sweetener of toil, and soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional studies; he cannot foresee what he may encounter—what failure of hopes, of friendships, or of prospects, may meet him, before he returns to his home, but if he can anticipate there the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it might be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. It is the interest, therefore, as well as the duty of a woman, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, of encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—will teach the delicacy which *times* a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, while it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments—that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation, and that especially in that tie which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not, indeed, so much a means of attraction or exciting love, as it is of securing it. In fact, it is scarce known, until familiarity draws aside the veil of social restraint, and the character, with its real fault and virtues, is unfolded in the privacy of home.—*Female Improvement.*

Ladies' Hearts.—The female heart as far as my experience goes, is just like an India-rubber shoe, you may pull at it and it reaches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of strong leather, I tell you, there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.—*Sam. Slick.*

A man may be a hypocrite all his life long before the public; but no man ever was before his own family. His true disposition is that which they see, however it may appear abroad.

FRENCH INGENUITY.

The French, as has oftentimes been said, are ingenious rather in matters relating to luxury and mere pleasure than in those of comfort and substantial happiness. It is not our better illustrations of a part of the truth than have been furnished by my this week's rambles among various establishments in this vicinity, among which may be named the Gobelins, the Sevres Porcelain, and the Chair Making factory, and I shall venture to add the curious hospital, near the City Barrier, for dogs, cats, and birds.

I have lately come from the Gobelins. I visited the establishment with some curiosity, for I had read of its tapestry in very distant days, and seen it adorning walls in nearly every city in Europe. Over the entrance gate are a tricolored flag and the words "*Manufacture Royale des Tapisseries de la Couronne.*" Entering, a person requests a sight of my passport, and thereupon gave me a square bit of card, number red forty-five. I walked onward into a sort of interior square, where are many people, mostly strangers, curious like myself. This establishment is open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock, P. M.—As I passed up and down the specimens arising my love of antiquities, I could not but reflect upon another contrast, suggested by the occasion between French and English ways of thinking and between French and English character. To the English mechanic, access to such a place is difficult. To the French, nonchalance, it is extremely easy. So thought I, musing on Birmingham, or Leeds, with letters positively refusing that your object as visiting those great establishments could be to gain the least bit or any obstacles are put here and there in the way to your complete and satisfactory investigation. —Such growling and suspected department is exhibited on every side, but you could forget the blandishments extreme to a stranger's on an introduction, and devotion to their doors, to move away with the conviction that John Bull's manufactories are somewhat more unapproachable to John Bull himself. I went say, however, that into the splendid tapestry I saw Wednesday I was freely admitted, on stating that I was an American, a foreigner. And I have been includable within this latter class, as admission could have been secured only by a certain round-about process, for whose obtainment such admission would hardly have compensated. In France they do these things at once; and in such opposite practices do I read another proof of the freedom, and despotism; and unconscious frankness of their character. The chapter of contrast between the English and their neighbors is rather long, and I shall not now pretend to say for whose profit I think the balance. If any man have prejudices in favor of one mode of doing things to the exclusion of all others, let him survey the system of the English and the French. Let him note in the two nations the same end wrought by widely different, though often equally efficient means. His prejudices will vanish.

A door having opened, I heard a voice selling minutes upon thirty to forty. The designated parties entered, and, after a bow of five minutes, the door again opened, and numbers were called forth in fifty, which, of course, created some. An attendant walked along with me, explaining everything to our complement satisfaction. In the first room were four looms. They were of very simple construction. The warp was placed vertically in the style called *haute lisse*. Behind each frame were two or three workmen. At one they were weaving into tapestry a magnificent scene from the canvas of Rubens, the painting over the three hooped the workmen. At the side of each were baskets containing several hundred spools of the wool, or variously colored; upon these wool the transfer was being made. The outlines of the pictorial scene were traced in black as a sort of guide to the artist, upon the warp. The artist, seated on his little stool, looked around at the painting behind him, closely scrutinized the colors about to be transferred, and then inserted a spool of yarn with correspondence, and interwove a part of its contents. In manner after manner the remaining portions were inserted, and re-interwove, and so went on again and again. Here was a process of the most magnificent result, with the smallest quantity of genius. He was making Rubens live in another form, and that was a very bright and beautiful one. The tapestry was about half completed. There was a very happy face which, seen from a few steps distance, rivalled the paint and bloom of the original. The eye was close by a loss, not exactly pawing to perfection, but still exhibiting considerable skill.

The looms were of the same description, and furnished by a stream, whereon they were regaled with unusual and very refreshing satisfaction. Who would have dreamed that bits of colored yarn had been able, in any combination, however ingenious, to embody so fine a picture, and so sweet thought as was in the countenance of Eve! The mere art of a painter seems almost a real thing; when we look at these and coarse-mounted men it can but be transferred, easily to the truth, from one article into another. What then may properly embrace our consideration? The great chemic atonement of the artist, and that alone. The painter's original sketch may be first finished, in the shape of canvass or of pencil. The work of transfer, then done with little games, is done with still less. Such, at least, is the impression of one who never saw the manufacture of a single small piece of tapestry.

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MAD COW.

A Plymouth paper gives the following account of a case of hydrophobia in a cow belonging to Zachary Bryant, that place:—

"The cow acted very strangely, and it having been supposed that she might have been bitten by a dog which came on shore from the brig Boston, which has bitten a number of her cattle, fears were entertained that this cow was mad. Thought it advisable, the latter part of August the usual remedy in such case, cutting off her tail, having her horns. I offered to assist her, and also because she had been bitten by a dog which I pasture without drinking.—She had a propensity for these things within her reach. The remedies pursued had no favorable effect. She continued the most day in the same manner, and about eleven o'clock that night she became most furious—broke out of the stall, bellowing and raving; first attacked a wheel barrow, which she threw about, and then ran to a barrel of water, which she tore to pieces, and continued until it was out of her reach. She continued to bellow and raving, attacking every thing in her way, until she finally fell dead in the grass-yard, about 3 o'clock in the morning, on the 13 Wednesday night. The people in the house were so much alarmed with her noise that they could not enter the chambers for fear of her breaking; they had also the chambers for fear of her breaking into the lower part of the house. I assisted in skinning her, and think I believe with the greatest majority of all who saw her in those parts, that she was mad. She never drank from the beginning of her sickness, although water was frequently offered her, and its sight increased her fury. She frothed at the mouth, and discharged more than three buckets full, at one time, in the course of that day. After she broke out of the barn, no person had the courage to enter the enclosure where she was. The whole neighborhood were in a state of alarm and her bellowing was heard a great distance."—*News Journal*

Saturday Evening Post.

JULY 25th, 1835.

Sudden Death.—On Monday morning last, Mr. William Ehrs, who kept a tavern in Swanstreet, corner of Henry Lane, was taken all of a sudden fit of coughing, and died in a few minutes after. He has been subject to great perturbations, and working hard, for the purpose of accomplishing a great undertaking, on the occasion of the launch of the "big ship." It is supposed that over-exertion brought on the fit, which proved so suddenly resulting in the rupture of a blood vessel.

The Packet Ship Pocahontas.—We have again had occasion to admire the splendid accommodations of Philadelphia packet ship. The Pocahontas, Captain Wyatt, sailed on Thursday last for Liverpool, and will be up in the "Virginia," packet for New York, and visitted at this port yesterday morning. She is a fine ship, and at the same time, been even telegraphed. The Pocahontas was spoken off the Isle of Wight on the day of arrival, and night have made New York three days before she made this port. Such is the unexpectedly unfavorable throughout the passage.—*Sep. 17th inst.*

The Diana.—A friend has shown us a letter from one of the most respectable houses in the trade in Liverpool, to a correspondent in this city, enclosed with a note on the subject of the Diana, which is worth a perusal, as it will be found to be correct, and trust, that more looks in the way of trade will be done in the future. The letter is spoken of in high terms, sufficiently dressed, looking in the case of the Diana, and with a full belief that the other hand sustains a shield, inscribed with the word LIBERTY. The figure is in a sitting position, and is surrounded, apparently, the representation of Britannia on the English coins.—*U. States Gazette.*

Conviction.—The individuals engaged in issuing notes or certificates purporting to be on the Lewis County Bank, of whose issues we have noticed our readers a few weeks since, have been convicted in the Mayor's Court. Their operations were carried on in a small dwelling in Chesnut street, two or three doors above Front, and when arrested by the Mayor's Court, the consequences transpired. The counterfeiters were: and in such opposite practices do I read another proof of the freedom, and despotism; and unconscious frankness of their character. The chapter of contrast between the English and their neighbors is rather long, and I shall not now pretend to say for whose profit I think the balance. If any man have prejudices in favor of one mode of doing things to the exclusion of all others, let him survey the system of the English and the French. Let him note in the two nations the same end wrought by widely different, though often equally efficient means. His prejudices will vanish.

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From the United States Gazette.
THE PENNSYLVANIA.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following statement of the "pride of the ocean," furnished to us by a friend who has the means of knowing as well as writing. It will be seen that the Pennsylvania is the largest merchant vessel afloat, or in chronicle.

The Keel of the Pennsylvania was laid in November 1833.

DIMENSIONS OF THE SHIP PENNSYLVANIA.

Length between the Perpendiculars	210
Depth of hold to gun deck	22
2 decks	20
Height of lower gun deck port sill	6
Do. middle do	6
Do. upper do do	6
Do. quarter do	6
Rake of stern post	22
Rake of stem	45
Length of keel for tonnage	177
Length of lower gun deck	202
Do. middle do	195
Do. upper do do	187
Length of main gun deck	212
Length of spar deck	205
Breadth of do	59
Extreme breadth	62
Length fore, aptre head to stern gaff,	237
Height from bottom of keel to top of main rail	54
Thickness of deck	3
Distance between the ports	10
Height of do above deck	3
Breadth do	2
Number gun deck ports (number)	28
Main do do do	26
Upper do do do	26
Spar do do do	24
Length from fore part of stem to aft	237
Height of main rail to height of spar deck	324
Whole length of keel	188

	Length.	Diameter.	Mast Head.
	Feet.	Inches.	
Main Mast	120	44	48
Do topmast	58	23	19
Do topgallant m't	41	13	10
Do royal mast	34	8	
Do flag pole	18		
Total height	293 feet.		
Fore mast	100	44	
Do topmast	53	21½	17 in.
Do topgallant m't	37 6 in.	12	9
Do royal mast	32	7	6 in.
Do flag pole	18		
Mizen mast	96	34	27
Do topmast	54	16½	13
Do topgallant m't	33 6 in.	9	7 in.
Do royal mast	32	7	
Do flag pole	18		
	314		

Mizen mast steps on the orlop deck.

	Length.	Diameter.	Fore Aft.
	Feet.	Inches.	
Main yard	110	34	
Do topsail yard	83	18	
Do topgallant do	62	10	
Do royal do	36	7	1 8 in.
Do skysail do	30	4	
Fore yard	100	33	5
Do topsail yard	75	16	6 4 in.
Do topgallant do	56	9	4
Do royal do	33	5½	1 8
Do skysail do	30	4	
Mizen or cross jack	80	18	7
Do topsail do	60	14	5
Do topgallant do	33	8	3
Do royal do	28	5	2
Do spritsail yard	58	11	4
Bowsprit	80	33	15 16 ft out board
Jib boom	63	3 feet.	3 feet 10 in.

diameter, 40 feet out board.
Flying jib boom, 25 ft out board, 13 in. diameter.
Jib of jib boom, 13 ft. do do 6 feet pole abaft, 7½ in. diameter.
Spanker boom 60 feet long, 13 inches diameter.
Gaff spanker mast 13 do do 12 inches do do 1 foot.
Do do do fore trick, 21
Do do do mizen do 156
Draught of water, 23 feet.
Months 136 guns.

Double Treated Contrivance.—A person was arrested in this city and confined for forging a bank note a few days afterwards, received a letter regularly postmarked from Boston, purporting to be from a respectable friend living in that city, informing him that a note was enclosed, which, believing the letter genuine, he did, in open court, and obtained his bail, and prisoner was released. He left Boston, was charged with a new offence in Philadelphia, and, in a few days afterwards, and got into limbo again there. The letter, which was a counterfeit, and the Waterville letter was a forgery, and immediate application was made to Governor Everett for the requisition upon the writer. The Governor, as Executive warrant, and the prisoner was brought on to this city, and delivered over to the Municipal Court, in discharge of his bail, much to his surprise, and to the joy of many who were informed through a Portsmouth creek driver. Since the issue of Governor Everett's letter to the Collector at Portsmouth has recovered a letter purporting to be from an Eastern friend requesting him to call on the writer. The letter is a forgery, and he would indemnify him, and this second letter is also to be a forgery, and is equally post marked at an Eastern town, showing that all the parties are the contrivances of the prisoner.—*Boston Gazette.*

Murder.—The Columbus, Ohio, Register of the twelfth inst. contains the following particulars of a most foul murder:

A murder was committed last night between nine and ten o'clock, at Butler's Tavern, about six miles east of this city on the National Road. At the supper table of Mr. Butler were a number of persons, among whom was a Mr. Gilbert perhaps thirty-five, who had stopped in the evening on his way to the city. He was speaking, a third person arrived, and took a glass of liquor with the rest, and then engaged in conversation with the elder traveller, by asking him where he was from. On receiving a reply that he was from Ohio, he said he was a Texian impostor, and that he was an escaped convict from the Ohio Penitentiary. He added that he had caused such abuse till the old man complained to the Governor, who had him arrested, and sent to prison. He is a few moments knocked at the door, and a man named Hall, who had been in the house, and as was thought he went away. About some o'clock, the younger of the two travellers arose and went to the room to the rear above, and Hall, who had been ejected was heard on alarm-ing, as being the murderer. He was pursued, but the former was heard to say, "you are no match for me," and Hall's words are said to be to that manner. They were at this time not far from the house. They indeed no longer heard the blade of a dark knife gleam in the moonlight, and heard the traveller who had stepped out, exclaim that he was stabbed. Hall fled, and the ruffian instantly escaped. The wounded man was brought into the house, and fell across the bed. He was carried to and placed upon a pallet, where he remained until his death.

Search was at once made for the murderer; but he was not discovered until early this morning, when he was taken out far from the house by a couple of young men, one a son of Mr. Butler, and Hall's uncle and old man in the creek bridge all night. He was brought in to this city and committed to jail on Saturday morning last by Justice Wood.

The above are all the particulars that transpired at the magistrate's. The ruffian gave his name to the landlord as Hall, and he is by trade a chair-maker by trade, and from Philadelphia. He inflicted two stabs with his knife, one in the breast, and the other in the abdomen. The latter which would have proved mortal. He refused to give his name to the magistrate, but he has appeared quite unconcerned about the matter.

UPPER CANADA.

Through the Rochester Democrat we have the message of Sir Francis Bond Head to the Provincial Legislature Council of Upper Canada, viz:

Mr. Gentleman of the Legislative Council, and Gentleman of the Legislative Assembly.

I thank you for the kind and assidiuty with which you have commenced the consideration of subject for which you were especially convened, and I am happy to find that the measures and regulations relief you have afforded to the agricultural and commercial interests of the province.

The Banking Institutions of Upper Canada have been exposed to the heavy pressure or penalty, in case, by extending accommodations to the public they should find it necessary to suspend specie payments, temporarily, in specie.

In the exercise of the powers you have conferred upon me, no exertion shall be wanting on my part to give the measures you have agreed on their most beneficial effects; and I trust that the banks and the people, by mutually supporting each other, will assist the government in meeting the unexampled difficulties of the present crisis with steadiness and resolution.

The Rochester Advertiser says, "We learn that a law has been passed authorizing a suspension of specie payments by the banks of Upper Canada, till 30 days after the opening of the next session of Parliament in winter. We also learn that Harvey, the Oneida bank robber, is now at Toronto, and will probably be brought across the lake in a few days."

NOVEL TRIAL—SALE OF A WIFE.

The Annapolis Gazette of Thursday contains the report of a trial which took place before Joseph Wells, Esq. Peace of the county, which the plaintiff brought the action for the recovery of the purchase money for his wife, whom he had sold to the defendant.

"It appears from disclosures made on the trial, that sometime last week the plaintiff, Jacob Bruner, and his wife, met with a friend, George Dent, for five dollars. Nobody grabbed to know the purpose for which they had made the sale; it may have been the love of money, or the want of it, but they must have been ready to relieve himself from the burthens of matrimony; but certain it is that he did sell his wife for five dollars, and that he will not say that he was dissatisfied at the time, that I should be sorry to say, and that he will not say that he was dissatisfied at the time, that I should be sorry to say, and that he will not say that he was dissatisfied at the time, that I should be sorry to say

VALEDICTORY TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *The exigencies of the times and the demo[...]n of the currency in the Southern, South [W]estern, and some of the Western States, compel [us r]eluctantly to reform the system of credits and [ex]igencies we have suffered to grow for some [time] past in our distant subscriptions.*

[S]ubscriptions must be paid in advance, or at [the l]atest during the year. A very large propor[tion] of debts due us, amounting to many thousand [dolla]rs, would cost more in collecting in the usual [way] than would be realised.

[W]e shall try the "experiment," by discontinu[ing] at the expiration of the current six months [all s]ubscriptions not paid in advance, in Louisia[na,] Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia. [We] shall follow it up by pruning our patronage [in the] Carolinas, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, &c. [Ou]r patrons ought not, and we hope will not, [blam]e us for endeavoring to throw off, what (at [prese]nt at least) proves a grievous burden—a [larg]e portion of our patrons seem to think news[pape]rs not worth paying for, and those who are [dispo]sed to remember us, cannot furnish us with a [circu]lating medium which will answer our pur[poses.]

[ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

[P]HILADELPHIA.

Saturday, July 22, 1837.

[☞] Our Subscribers in Chester and Lancas[ter c]ounties, who have paid Jonathan Dennis, [will] please preserve their receipts, and show [the]m to (or exchange them for others similar) S. [...] Painter, West Chester, Pa.; P. G. Eber[...], Lancaster, or at the publication office. As [we] know not who have paid J. Dennis—our [ag]ent, Wm. A. Pierce, will call on them for set[tle]ment in a few weeks.

CURRENCY.

☞ A correspondent in the West wishes to [kn]ow what kind of notes are preferred for re[mi]ttances. We give the preference in order as [na]med—U. S. Bank, Philadelphia, New York, [an]d other Eastern States, Maryland and Virgi[ni]a,—Ohio, 5 to 10 per cent. discount; Indiana, [Il]linois, Carolinas, 10 to 15 per cent. discount; [A]labama, 20 per cent.; Louisiana, Mississippi [an]d Michigan, generally of no value.

We refer the reader to the advertisement of [M]r. W. Allen in another part of this paper. We [a]re informed that his invention is novel and in[ge]nious.

The Wandering Piper has at length furnish[ed] his name to the public. It is *Alexander Gra[ha]me Stuart De Vere.*

THE LAUNCH.

This long anticipated event was heralded on [th]e 18th inst. by a clear and pleasant morning, [gr]eatly to the gratification of the thousands who [ha]d made preparations for viewing the beauti[fu]l spectacle. For several hours before the sun [h]ad attained his meridian altitude, the various [s]treets leading to the station were filled with [th]e dense mass of our populace pressing for[w]ard in anxious haste, to secure favourable [p]oints of observation. Notwithstanding the great [n]umber of these, no small degree of ingenuity [o]n the part of late-comers, was required for this [p]urpose. The various wharves and landing [p]laces in the vicinity were completely cover[e]d ere the hour of noon, with numerous specta[to]rs—the river was whitened with the sails of [v]essels of all sizes and descriptions—while the [i]sland opposite and the Jersey shore in the dis[ta]nce presented an equally animated and throng[e]d appearance.

At ten minutes past two o'clock, the flag at the [f]ront of the ship-house was lowered and the re[p]orts of the two signal gun fired in quick suc[c]ession, announced to the immense multitude [th]at the preparations for the launch were com[pl]eted. A quiet murmur of low breathed expec[ta]tion pervaded the crowd—which suddenly [s]welled into a prolonged and echoing cry of ex[u]ltation, as the stern of the mighty vessel was [s]een projecting from her tenement, and her mas[si]ve form gliding slowly and gracefully into her [d]estined element.

The view of the river at this moment was pe[c]uliarly beautiful. The long range of vessels had taken up a semi-circular position in front, and as the swell reached them their lofty masts might be seen swaying under its influence, and bending forward as if to greet their new companion upon the waters. The sound of the repeated firing of cannon from the Navy Yard, mingled with the uproar of the multitude, was echoed from the opposite shore, and must have been heard at many miles distance.

The ceremony of *christening* was performed by Commodore Biddle at the moment the keel of the Pennsylvania touched the water. The fluid used upon this occasion was old PENNSYLVANIA WHISKEY, distilled in 1808, by George Kremer, of Union county, and presented by T. Hart, Esq.

The number of persons who were present at this imposing spectacle, we have heard variously estimated from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand. Our personal observation induces us to believe that the former, is probably the most accurate calculation. We regret to hear of several accidents, which in some measure marred the hilarity of the day, and the particulars of which will be found in another column. Some occurrences of this nature were however unavoidable, and it should be remembered with pleasure, that their number fell short of general expectation.

In relation to this subject, we may observe that the reply of the President to the application of the Philadelphia committee on the question of fitting out this noble vessel, has been received, which, together with other matters connected with the Navy Yard, of interest to this city and State, will be submitted to a town meeting, to be called shortly for the purpose of hearing the report of that committee.

THE MARKETS.

Among the constant alterations and improvements that are making in our "city of the angles," there are few that merit more decided eulogy than the changed condition of High street. The light and airy market houses that have been erected in place of the former cumbrous structures, convey perhaps in themselves a better tribute to the judgment and enterprise of the city councils than any we could bestow. It is really refreshing in these days of "pressure," to wander through their long extent, and notice the well filled stalls, piled with the choicest productions yielded by three elements. The Earth gives her varied tribute in savoury vegetables of every hue and form—in the delicious fruits of the season—the polished sable cherry, the crimson currant, the deeper bloom of the exquisite raspberry,—and divers others on whom we should exhaust the colours of the rain-bow, to particularize. The "finny tenants of the deep" are the gift of Water—varying in shape and size, from the portly form of the unromantic sturgeon, down to the gilded scales, and lithe body of the diminutive sun-fish. Not being skilled in the science of Ornithology, we shall pass over the tributes of Air, to this storehouse of choice things, saving and excepting the long-billed woodcock, who on the anniversary of our Independence acquires a legal title to be killed for the gratification of the corporeal comforts of our patriotic citizens. In the gifts of animal life, we may find displayed in lavish profusion, the adjuncts of veal, poultry, pork and the substantial beefsteak—but we are getting unpoetical.

Seriously speaking, much credit is due to the corporation for their efficient arrangement of these matters, which from their multiplicity constitute a very respectable portion of the minor comforts of life. On this consideration we will restrain ourself from indulging in a severe philippic against that unsightly nuisance—the railroad through this street. This evidence of misplaced enterprise (to use no harsher term) should be removed forthwith.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

This assembly has cost the inhabitants of this State Seventy Thousand Dollars. We promised our readers at its commencement a general summary of its proceedings, a promise which will be best fulfilled by giving the reply of one of the members to a friend, who asked him what had been done; "we have changed the day of the meeting of the legislature and of the annual election, which the people will probably put back again. We have also passed upon a section in committee, giving to the people the election of county officers, which section is so confused and perplexed, that we shall have to change the language from one end to the other."

It is not for what this learned body has done, but rather for what it has left undone, that we should be supremely thankful.

At this season of the year, especial care should be taken to avoid the numerous complaints incidental to warm weather. It is at this time, disease is presented in its most enticing aspect—the rich variety of the productions of the earth, and the ready excuse of "the heat," for avoiding constant exercise, allure to excesses, which at others periods are deprived of half their power. Temperance in all things should be the talisman to guard against these evil influences, and exercise the only safeguard against their effects. Were these principles but fully acted upon, the records of mortality would never exhibit the annual increase of those who find that the pleasant fruits and flowers of the advancing summer are but the forerunners of an early and untimely grave.

In another column the reader will find an address upon the subject of Education, to which we solicit attention. The committee who have subscribed to this report, are gentlemen of the highest standing and reputation in the state, and this expression of opinion upon the subject, is fully borne out by the facts that have been developed by the "Lyceum System," as far as tried. We recommend all who feel an interest in the important subject of public education, to exert their influence as far as practicable, in favor of the proposed measures. The exertions of Mr. Josiah Holbrook in the cause, are to well known to require the commendation which we should otherwise be here inclined to bestow upon them.

Seven hundred of the Van Buren voters of N. York, have publicly announced in the Times, their approval of the doctrines of Mr. Talmadge's letter. This document has been recognised by the Whig party, as embodying their own sentiments in substance.

NORTH-EAST BOUNDARY.

A batallion of Canadian troops has been ordered by the Lt. Gen. of the Province to hold itself in readiness to march at an hour's warning. These movements indicate the necessity of a speedy settlement of this vexed question.

The Rail-road between Philadelphia and Baltimore was opened as far as Wilmington, on Wednesday last, from which place it is connected by a line of steam-boats with this city. The Baltimore train left the depot at half-past nine o'clock, and proceeded to Havre de Grace, where it was met by the train from Philadelphia. A large and select company filled the cars, and the celebration passed off greatly to their gratification.

The National Intelligencer states that the salaried officers of Government are now paid in protested Treasury Drafts, which being receivable for public dues, command a premium.—These are sold to the brokers at New York or elsewhere, by the recipients, who thus pocket a large advance on their salaries. "There is no pressure," &c.

THE MADISONIAN.

This is the title of a new administration paper to be published at Washington, for the purpose of sustaining the political doctrines of the late ex-President Madison. The prospectus is written with great ability, and the editor is reported to have attained a high reputation for talent. It will probably become the official paper of the Government—if we may judge from the jealousy manifested against it from the press sustaining that worthy distinction at present.

The President's House is shortly to be refitted with new and splendid furniture, procured at the cost of the Nation. The Washington Metropolitan in remarking that several of the opposition papers had reprehended this proceeding, comments upon what it terms, this mean and pitiful spirit of economy, in the American people, towards their Chief Magistrate.—The New York Commercial (Whig) indulges in some remarks to the same purport. It is a trifling affair at most, and at any other time we would not condescend to notice it. But in the present impoverished state of the country, and which thousands are being reduced to poverty and want, it does look rather incongruous in the Executive to be making these costly and luxurious preparations for his own peculiar comfort. It seems like a practical exemplification of the doctrine, "that those only suffer who deserve to do so." Let the President have his fine chandeliers and beautiful furniture when the nation can afford it—instead of draining their cost out of our almost bankrupt Treasury, and displaying his luxury before an oppressed and insulted people.

SMALL POX.

This loathsome disease is raging with great virulence in some parts of the West Indies.

We have before us several Nos. of the Chronicle published at Navogdocher, Texas. They contain very little information of interest beyond the provisions for the establishment of a standing army, to be quartered on the frontier, and various municipal regulations, relative to the preservation of good order in the city.

The act to suppress gambling passed by the Senate and House of Representatives is enforced by heavy pecuniary penalties. All descriptions of betting or wagers are included in this statute. This regulation, will undoubtedly exercise a strong moral influence upon the state of society there. Some difficulty may be apprehended in its enforcement.

A corps of volunteers sent out to reconnoitre the Indian trails, reported three large companies of Camanches, in the vicinity of the Brazos.—These bands consisted of 150 each, and had undoubtedly been concerned in the late depredations on the frontier.

The Chronicle warmly urges an immediate invasion of the Mexican Territory, on the part of the Texians. Public feeling would seem to be in favour of this measure.

Messrs. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, of this city, have published in one volume, "A System of Cookery," from the pen of Miss Leslie, the well known and talented authoress of many exquisite literary productions. The subject forbids any display of exuberant fancy—and our commendation must be confined to the score of its utility. The methods of preparing good things for the corporeal system as laid down in this treatise, are various and profound, and will doubtless prove acceptable to the industrious house-keeper and the accomplished *gourmand*.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Booth's benefit took place on Saturday evening last. The house was full, and the performance admirable throughout.

The comedy of "Life in London," was played on Monday night. On the succeeding evening the drama of the "Vision of the Sun," was repeated.

Mr. J. R. Scott and Booth have been playing together during the remainder of the week.—Their united attraction of course fills the house to its utmost extent every night.

We invite the attention of the reader to the benefit of Hadaway, on Monday evening next. He is the second best comic actor our city can boast of. A selection of popular pieces will be presented for the entertainment of the audience.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

The authorities of Copenhagen, (Denmark,) have lately presented to a poor peasant of that town, a massive goblet of silver filled with Danish *ecus*—the cover surmounted with a civic crown, and two engraved medallions of gold. The peasant had at a conflagration in the town a few months since, left all his property to perish in the flames, in order to save the life of an infirm neighbour, who could not have escaped but for his assistance.

In recompensing virtue, mankind are encouraged to practice it.

Specie in New Orleans has fell from 25 per cent. premium to 15.

The news from Florida bears an unpropitious aspect.

The convention of business men to be held in this city sometime in the course of next month bids fair to be well attended. The Norwich (Conn.) Courier contains a call for a meeting of the citizens of that place, to appoint delegates to the convention. New York, and Providence(R. I.) have made similar arrangements, and meetings will shortly be held at Newark and Jersey city, for the same purpose. We have not yet heard of any representation from the Southern States.

"You're a young man yet, Governor," replied Mr. Samuel Weller, "and youth's an excuse for hignorance, as the lawyer man said at the 'lection, ven they brought up agin him vot he'd done twenty years afore."—*Pickwick Papers—New Edition.*

Fire.—On Wednesday morning last, about half past two o'clock, a fire broke out in Messrs. Morris building, corner of Third and Pear streets, occupied by Mr. Edmund Draper, Mathematical Instrument maker, which was immediately communicated to the adjoining dwelling, belonging to the Philadelphia Exchange Company, and occupied [...] J. Coffee. The promptness and activity of our firemen, [...] extinguished the fire, but the immense body of water thrown upon and carried through the house, has done much damage to the furniture and ceilings. No insurance.

We have since learned that some boys in Pear street sent up one or more sky-rockets the evening before, and as no fire or light were used that day in either of the buildings, no doubt remains that the fire was communicated from the rockets, as they were seen to fall over the house that first took fire.

Disgraceful Brutality.—We learn that on Monday evening, as two sea-captains were walking peaceably along in Second near Walnut street, they encountered four or five colored men who occupied the whole walk. One of the captains, in passing happened to jostle a black, a little from his position. The act was entirely unintentional. They proceeded onward, and had gone to but a little distance, when they were overtaken by the colored party they had just left. Both were knocked down with heavy clubs by these miscreants,—one of them had his skull broken, and the other his face and jaw severely mangled. It is feared that the first may not survive, and the last suffers extreme agony from his wounds.

Now is it not the duty of the authorities to seek out these villains, wherever they may be, and visit them with the severest punishment of the law? We have gotten to a fine pass, indeed, if such outrages are to be tolerated in silence.—*Philad. Gaz.*

New York, July 17.—The packets sail to-day. They carry about $500,000 in specie, 400,000 to Liverpool, and 100,000 to Havre. The rate of exchange on London was from 20 to 21 per cent. premium. Specie is also going to Hamburg and Bremen. Notwithstanding this great demand for specie, specie is on the fall. The merchants *will* pay their debts—"monsters" that they are for it! But American credit, American honour, American principle, they are determined, if possible, to maintain in the eyes of Europe, the Globe, the Postmaster General, *et hoc genus*, to the contrary notwithstanding and nevertheless. Because an ocean parts them from their creditors, they will not forever disgrace the American name, and make Republics and Liberty a by-word in the world. The sacrifices which the merchants are making to pay are enormous, but they submit with heroic self-devotion, even when they have the broad authority of their Government organs to swindle and to cheat.—*Nat Intel.*

Some months ago the Georgetown Metropolitan threw out a suggestion, and supported it with considerable stress of words, for the conversion of the post office department into a banking establishment, which might be made to achieve the work of conducting the minor exchanges throughout the country. The idea was to make the various offices banks of deposite, and the drafts of postmasters the medium of remittance. The hint was not lost upon Mr. Kendall, as appears by the following letter from that officer to the editors of the Metropolitan—only published on Monday, although dated in April. Mr. Kendall is a veritable actor of all works; there is nothing he is not ready to undertake.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, April 11th, 1837.
Messrs. Langtre and O'Sullivan, Editors of the Metropolitan.

GENTLEMEN: I duly received your note with the Metropolitan of the 20 h ult. and have carefully considered the proposition contained in the article to which it alludes.

It is practicable, through the machinery of this Department, to receive small sums of money in one part of the United States and pay them in another—an operation, which, in fact, it is daily performing.—If authority were given by law, and the force of the department were adequately increased, the dues of printers might be thus transmitted. But if such a plan be adopted, its benefits should be extended to every class of the community which is in the habit of remitting small sums by mail. It might be effected for a commission much less than postage and the risk now encountered.

The duties of postmaster general are already sufficiently laborious. But if it be the will of Congress to grant the authority and the force, it will give me pleasure to digest a plan for accomplishing so great a public benefit and give to its execution a general superintendence.

With high regard, &c.
AMOS KENDALL.

MOST HORRIBLE.

A Woman Gored to Death by a Bull.—We find the following in the Montreal Transcript. It relates to the death of a Mrs. Young of Ormstown, on the Chateauguay River, Canada:

The unfortunate sufferer was we understand the widow of a farmer of that name, but continued to reside upon the land, and to derive from it such return as the industry and labor of herself and daughter could procure. She raised a bull calf, on account of his beauty, which, having been familiarised with his mistress ever since his birth, and having always been fed by her hand, displayed a natural attachment by no means displeasing to Mrs. Young, whom he followed about the farm like a dog. The animal is now a little more than two years old. Towards the end of last week he had as usual accompanied the cows to the homestead, and they were fastened in the cow-house, when Mrs. Young and her daughter proceeded thither to milk them. On entering the building the girl proceeded to the far end, to milk the cow fastened there, and the loose bull advanced with his usual familiarity to Mrs. Young, who pushed him aside with the pail she carried in her hand. The animal immediately turned upon her, and with the first thrust of his horn penetrated the abdomen, and violently raising his head ripped her body in the most shocking manner. He immediately fled to the yard carrying upon his horns a small fragment of the clothing, and a portion of the reeking entrails of his victim; here he tossed and shook his head in a most frantic manner, and roaring, returned to make a second charge upon the hapless Mrs. Young. By this time, however, the daughter had seized the pitchfork, with which she gallantly faced the animal, and after a long struggle, and two or three very successful stabs at the head of her antagonist, she fairly beat him from his purpose. Her first care was now her unfortunate mother, who, with such assistance as she could give, was with much difficulty removed to the dwelling house, where, after a night passed in inexplicable torture, she died the following morning.

We finish to day, agreeably to promise, the publication of Amos Kendall's reply to Mr. Wickliffe. Our readers can judge of it for themselves.

The writer's affectation of chivalry, and his assertion that he has often made Mr. Wickliffe quail by a glance of his eye, can excite nothing but mirth and laughter in the minds of those who know with what utter abjectness the pusillanimous wretch has often submitted to horsewhippings, nose pullings, and every other species of personal indignity.

His statement as to his course in regard to the relief-laws is a deliberate falsehood; it is well known to be so by every politician in Kentucky.

His most brutal allusions to the melancholy fate of Mr. Wickliffe's son, shew that he has the heart of a wild beast. Such a monster is a disgrace to human nature, if indeed his nature properly comes under the denomination of human.—*Louis. Jour.*

Philosophy.—The Jersey pilots say that when they cannot meet with ships, they employ themselves in catching mackerel.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The promotion of common education, and the development of the mineral and other natural resources of Pennsylvania, are two important objects of state policy. In some respects, they are one and the same object, and the means best calculated to promote the one, will most effectually promote the other.

As one object of education is to acquire useful knowledge, it must necessarily embrace a subject so eminently useful as the natural resources of industry, of wealth and of science, especially in Pennsylvania, whose mines and quarries are alike objects of policy and of pride to all her citizens.

While an acquaintance with the works of nature constitutes one important branch of useful knowledge, and of course, deserves a place as a subject of common school instruction, experience proves, that it so effectually awakens the minds, and calls forth the energies of children, as greatly to promote their progress in all other subjects taught in schools.

Argument is not necessary to prove the importance of promoting the industry, the intelligence, or the virtue of our citizens; the great question is, what measures are best calculated to accomplish an object so evident and so desirable.

To decide that question, several meetings, consisting of the delegates to the State Convention, and other citizens, have recently been held in the "State Capitol," at which various resolutions were passed with entire unanimity, and decided interest, and a committee of nine appointed to carry these resolutions into effect.

As that committee, the undersigned, respectfully, but earnestly, invite the attention and the efforts of all the citizens of Pennsylvania, to such measures for promoting the intellectual, moral and pecuniary prosperity of the State, as may seem to them most desirable. They invite your attention particularly to a proposal for holding education meetings, or Lyceum Conventions, in all the counties in the State, for the particular consideration of this most interesting and important subject.

Mr. Josiah Holbrook, the projector and founder of the "Lyceum System," has engaged to attend such Conventions in some sections of the State, at which he will present for the consideration of the meetings, such subjects and measures, as may be deemed best calculated to secure the objects contemplated by them. Among the exercises proposed for the meetings are,

First. An exhibition and [...]planation of the most useful and interesting minerals, esp[...]ially such as are found in Pennsylvania; naming such minerals and other specimens as may be collected by those who shall attend the meetings, and aiding them by exchanges with each other, to procure collections for themselves; making arrangements for Cabinets in the Court Houses, and in other convenient places in the respective counties where the meetings may be held, and for a general deposite in Philadelphia, and perhaps in Harrisburg and Pittsburg.

Second. Exhibiting and explaining specimens of school improvement, such as penmanship, drawing, needlework, herbariums, geometrical albums, small mineral cabinets, composition, mechanism, and other pieces executed in schools in different parts of Pennsylvania, and in some schools from other States.

Third. Explaining the plan, objects and results of the institution of Lyceums in different sections of our Union, such as their adaptation to promote the qualification of teachers, and the improvement of schools generally, especially their power in animating and encouraging the young to efforts for their own improvement; and consequently, in protecting them from idleness and vice.

Fourth. Proposing for the consideration of the meetings, the expediency of a legislative provision, for permanent lecturers, or visiters, under such arrangements, as will enable all the schools and Lyceums in the State, to enjoy the benefit of their instructions, aided by "*cabinets of nature and art*," deposited in all the school-houses in the State.

The interesting character, and the highly important objects of the proposed Conventions, can hardly fail of securing a large and general attendance wherever they are held. To parents and teachers, with their children and pupils, such occasions never fail to furnish much useful instruction, and the richest entertainment they can possibly enjoy. The attention and the attendance of those classes, are therefore particularly invited. It is also recommended to the members of schools, and to young people, generally, to collect and prepare for the use of the meetings, such specimens of nature and art, as they may deem practicable and appropriate for the occasion.

Notices will be given of the times and places of meetings, in season to enable all in the various counties and vicinities where they are held, to enjoy the privilege of attending them.

As the conductors of the various papers and journals in the State, may be justly looked to, as the friends of schools and the patrons of useful knowledge generally, their aid is respectfully, but confidently requested in an enterprize, so intimately connected with all our republican institutions, and so eminently calculated to perpetuate the liberties of our country, and the inestimable blessings of a free Republic.

The members of the State Convention, during their recess, and in their intercourse among their friends, will have an opportunity, which they will doubtless improve, for aiding the proposed measures for the promotion of intelligence and virtue, without which, no Constitution can secure the happiness, or perpetuate the free institutions of our Commonwealth.

That the proposed conventions, if held in all sections of the State, and well attended and sustained, will greatly promote the cause of common school education, and the general diffusion of useful knowledge, together with the industry and pecuniary prosperity of Pennsylvania, is the confident belief of the undersigned committee.

J. Sergeant, Philadelphia;
C. Chauncey, do;
G. M. Keim, Reading, Berks;
J. Clark, Blairsville, Indiana;
T. Stevens, Gettysburg, Adams;
T. H. Sill, Erie;
P. Jenks, Newtown, Bucks;
W. Forward, Pittsburg;
G. W. Woodward, Wilkesbarre.

A TRIFLE LATER.

The Boston papers of Saturday last contain a few short extracts from London papers to the 5th and Liverpool to the 6th of June, received at that port by the brig Old Colony, which arrived on Friday evening. They add very little indeed to our information touching the state of matters and things in England. The latest intelligence received from the United States at Liverpool was still that conveyed by the Roscoe—but it seems that hints of the approaching suspension of specie payments had been given in private letters by that conveyance—although the journalists of Liverpool could hardly make up their minds to believe it possible. The following extracts contain all that has not before been noted in our columns.

The amount of bills due on the 3d, says the Herald, was very great, and the quantity returned dishonoured was considerable; but on the whole, the engagements for the day, excepting of course those firms which have suspended payments, were met better than was calculated upon.

The Herald farther states that there are good reasons for believing that Messrs. Gowan & Marx will speedily resume payment, as it is known that they have most ample means to pay ultimately all the claims against them.

The Liverpool Mail of the 6th says—"We lament that the monetary concerns of this mighty empire have been so wretchedly conducted, that the citizens of the United States have been enabled, by a fallacious system of credit, to rob the merchants and manufacturers of this country of a sum not less than seven millions of pounds sterling."

It does not appear that there had been any failures at Liverpool.

The editor of the Liverpool Mail need not have put himself to charges touching the integrity of the American merchants—as his readers have been able to tell him long before this time. Never were greater efforts made, or greater sacrifices submitted to, than by the merchants of this country, and especially of New York, to meet their obligations in Europe. Their conduct in this matter has been wise and honorable, and the time is near at hand when the whole country will reap the fruits of it. But two things are wanting to enable the banks of this city to resume specie payments—a fall in the rates of foreign exchange, and a cessation of demand for specie, for exportation; the happening of these events depends upon the reduction of our debt in Europe, and that debt is reduced considerably on every packet day. Let it once be paid—nay, let the money-power of England be once convinced that it is in course of payment, and the manufacturing interest will be assisted to any required extent; then follows an increased demand for our cotton, with a remunerating advance of price, and we are once more on the road to prosperity. Well and wisely have our merchants done in straining every nerve to pay their debts in England.—*N. Y. Com.*

Piping to good purpose.—The wandering piper performed in Tammany Hall on the 13th inst. being his last appearance as a piper in this country. Although the night was wet and stormy, the audience was highly respectable, and appeared much gratified with the several performances which were provided by the piper's friends, to enliven the amusements of the evening. The whole receipts at the door amounted to four hundred and ninety-eight dollars, four hundred of which were given by a gentleman from the south for his admission to the performance. We are acquainted with two gentlemen who were present when the money was delivered to the doorkeeper, and are also in possession of the donor's name.—*N. Y. Com.*

A RENCONTRE AT RODNEY.

The Louisville Journal furnishes the following particulars of a rencontre which took place at Rodney, Mississippi, on the 27th ult. between Messrs. Thomas J. Johnston and G. H. Wilcox, both formerly of Louisville:

"In consequence of certain publications made by these gentlemen, against each other, Johnston challenged Wilcox. The latter declining to accept the challenge, Johnston informed his friends at Rodney, that he would be there at the term of the court, then not distant, when he would made an attack upon him. He repaired thither on the 26th, and on the next morning the following communication was read aloud in the presence of Wilcox and a large crowd.

RODNEY, June 27, 1837.

Mr. Johnston informs Mr. Wilcox, that at or about one o'clock of this day, he will be on the common opposite the Presbyterian church of this town, waiting and expecting Mr. Wilcox to meet him there.

I pledge my honour that Mr. Johnston will not fire at Mr. Wilcox, until he arrives at a distance of a hundred yards from him, and I desire Mr. Wilcox or any of his friends to see that distance accurately measured.

Mr. Johnston will wait there thirty minutes.

J. M. DUFFIELD.

Mr. Wilcox declined being a party to any such arrangement, and Mr. D. told him to be prepared for an attack. Accordingly, about an hour after this, Johnston proceeded towards Wilcox's office, armed with a double barrelled gun, (one of the barrels rifled,) and three pistols in his belt. He halted about fifty yards from W's door, and levelled his gun. W. withdrew before Johnston could fire, and seizing a musket, returned to the door and flashed. Johnston fired both barrels, without effect. Wilcox then seized a double barrelled gun, and Johnston a musket, and both again fired. Wilcox sent twenty-three buckshot over Johnston's head, one of them passing through his hat, and Wilcox was slightly wounded on both hands, his thigh and leg. Here the affair terminated.

Resurgam.—We thought that Dr. Poyen and Miss Gleason and animal magnetism had all been killed, as dead as muttons, by the sceptical doctors of Taunton, whose certificate we published a few days since. But they won't stay killed, upon any consideration whatever. It seems that there are other gentlemen in Taunton, Naslea, and all about there, besides the certifying doctors; and these gentlemen can certify on their own hook. To make short of the story, Dr. Poyen, has published a column in the New [Bedford] Gazette, rebutting with all his might the verdict [...] the four, whom he avers to be only a very small mino[rity] of infidels, among a class of 40, the rest of whom are [p]retty much believers, although some of them do shake their heads on the non-committal principle, and profess not to know what they shall think about it. Moreover Dr. Poyen has got five of these remaining 36 to sign another certificate—one of them, by the way, puts M. D. after his name—in which they do make solemn assurance that the experiments upon Miss Gleason were with a very few exceptions successful, and have clearly and forcibly proved the doctrines taught by Monsieur Poyen "to be founded on indisputable facts"—and we dare say that the five gentlemen are honestly of that opinion.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

WOODBURY, N. J. July 19.

Hail Storm.—GREAT LOSS OF CROPS.—We were visited on Tuesday evening of last week with one of the most violent hail and rain storms that we ever remember to have witnessed. It began raining between six and seven o'clock and continued for one hour and a quarter, raining very fast during the whole time, accompanied here and north of our village with a slight sprinkling of hail. But below us for several miles, along the river and for two or three miles from it into the country, the hail shower lasted above half an hour, doing great damage to the corn and oat crop, and almost wholly destroying the wheat and rye crops. The vegetable crop, mellons, nutmegs, pickles, &c., are entirely cut to pieces. This has been one of the most remarkable seasons within the recollection of our oldest farmers. In the spring early, their winter crop they discovered had much of it frozen out, and they anticipated no harvest. It was wet and cold, and these crops came on astonishingly,—though two or three weeks later in ripening than usual, there was a prospect for an average yield—now all within a large district of country is almost wholly destroyed by hail. So with the grass: so large a burden was scarcely ever seen upon our upland—the wet spring which started it, has weekly grown wet and more wet so that scarcely a ton has been housed without injury—and a great deal lessened at least half its value. It has been truly a most remarkable season.

From Bermuda.—By the Somerset we have advices from Bermuda to the 8th inst. She brings $30,000 in specie. The Jane, Catharine and Amelia, had previously left for New York. The latest dates there from England, were those brought by the Margaret Jane, 15 days from New York. As Bermuda is not only it appears dependent for her news from the mother country as well as for her bread stuffs on us, much apprehension exists on account of the high prices of our provisions. At the same time, as a contradiction to this, there had been shipped off from the Islands during the spring 750,000 weight of onions for the West Indies, and nearly a ship's load of arrow root, grown and manufactured on that island, was ready to start for London. This is what our Florida Seminoles eat for flour, for, as they are capital epicures, they know, as also all old nurses know, it is the most delicate of all kinds of farinaceous food—which makes it preferred always for children and convalescents.—*N. Y. Star.*

In Buenos Ayres the decrees of August 1st have been revived against Lavalle, Rivera and Colonel Calderon. These decrees prohibit the granting of passports from the Argentine Republic to the Oriental, except with the approbation of the government, on special application, forbid the supplying of any powder, arms or munitions of war to the rebels, and exclude all persons who have taken any part in the rebellion from the Buenos Ayrean territory. Infringement of the decrees, or either of them, to be punished with death.

We have no particular information as to the movements of Rivera, farther than that he was advancing in hostile guise, at the head of a considerable force.

From Rio Grande.—The cause of the republicans or insurgents in this province, appears to be rapidly gaining ground. The troops of the Brazilian government, at the latest date, were in possession only of the towns of Rio Grande and Puerto Allegre—and in these they were in daily expectation of being besieged by their enemies. Bentos Manuel had joined the latter, and proposed the election of a president for the new republic.

Captain Greenfell was on the river Gonzala with six gun boats, for the purpose of preventing the republican forces from passing that river. On the 12th of May the steamboat having in tow a gun boat with 200 men, left Rio Grande to assist Greenfell, but put back finding their force insufficent.

From Montevideo.—The intelligence from the Oriental Republic is interesting also. The standard of revolt has been again unfurled, and the territory of the republic again invaded by Don Fructuoso Rivera, in conjunction with a band of foreigners. On the 2d of May, a circular to the chiefs of the National Guards in the several departments was issued by order of the president, directing them to assemble and hold themselves in readiness for action at such points as would be indicated; and orders to reinforce the ranks and *materiel* of the army covering the line of the Uruguay, were immediately promulgated.

From South America.—We have through the kindness of Mr. Gilpin of the Exchange News Room, a file of the Buenos Ayres *British Packet* to the 20th of May inclusive, from which we obtain the not unexpected information that the Argentine Republic has issued a formal declaration of war against Bolivia and Peru, or rather against General Santa Cruz, styled the Protector of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation. The declaration bears date May 16th, and sets forth the grounds on which it was issued, at length. It also declares that the Argentine Republic will refuse peace, or any arrangements whatever with General Santa Cruz, until he shall evacuate the territory of Peru, and leave that republic free to dispose of its own destiny.

The declaration is accompanied by a manifesto of the causes which justify its issue; and this manifesto occupies six columns and a half of the Packet, and has "To be continued" at the end of the portion published. The course of the Argentine government seems to be much approved by the citizens.

The Packet of May 20 contains the formal recognition of the independence of the Argentine Republic by the kingdom of Sardinia, and a recognition of a consul general from that kingdom by Gen. Rosas the governor.

A Perilous Adventure.—On the 9th instant, a young man, while attempting to clamber up the precipice adjoining the Canajoharie Falls, lost his foot-hold, and seizing at the instant a dry bush which broke in his hand, caused him to fall directly upon the margin of the cascade. Fortunately, he struck upon his feet, and finding the momentum so great that he could not avoid going down the falls, he made a powerful leap (to clear the projecting rocks) and succeeding in gaining the basin, which is 45 feet below, and more than ten feet from the line of perpendicular at the summit. What is more singular, the basin is only eight feet in diameter, and enclosed with pointed rocks and precipices, having not more than three feet depth of rapid water to cover the uneven bottom, and notwithstanding the man escaped with very little injury.

Dead Bodies Found.—The Natchez Courier of a late date says,—"The bodies of twenty-one persons were lately picked up at the mouth of the Buffalo Creek, one mile and a half above Fort Adams by some of the citizens of that place. There is no doubt but that they are a part of the large number that met their untimely and horrid end at that awful catastrophe the burning of the Ben Sherrod. The clothes on some of the bodies were much burnt. In the number were two ladies, one of whom had a child, which a mother's fondness and a mother's despair had so encircled with her left arm, that even in death it remained pressed to that bosom where it could no longer find protection."

Even Handed Justice.—The following proceedings of the Common Council of Boston, shows what justice is to be had of the *corporation*, for sufferings from rioters.

The committee to whom was referred the petition of sundry individuals for compensation for damages sustained by the recent riot in Broad street, reported that it was *not* within the legal powers of the city to grant any compensation.

Report accepted, and committee discharged.

The action of the Legislature in the case of the Convent riots, illustrate the justice of the State—though in both instances, only as far as one class of citizens is concerned.

There is continued confusion in the monetary councils at Washington. Mr. Gouge, a favorite with the ex-gold-wash party, having written a pamphlet with his views against the deposit system, in a fearless if not a convincing manner, in which certain hostile allusions are made to Mr. Whitney, the latter has replied with severity. Mr. Gouge is a consistent advocate of an exclusive metallic currency, and of course in enforcing his doctrines he substantially condemns the steady and sound banking system of the Whig party, and the flickering policy of the general government, which recommends bullion or banks to suit political purposes.

Glass Shawls.—M. Dubus Bonnell, of Lille, has presented to the Societe des Enfans du Nord several specimens of stuff made of woven glass, which are most brilliant in color and lustre, and form the most beautiful ornamental shawls, and other articles of female attire that were ever manufactured. M. Bonnel is pursuing his experiments to bring the texture of this woven glass to still greater perfection, although it is already soft, flexible, and strong. The price, however, is said to be quite moderate, which, we presume, as fashions go all over the world, will operate against their becoming highly fashionable. It is quite true, as Rothschild remarked of mutton and venison, that although one may be quite as good as the other, yet "All de people in dish varld alvish prefare vat ish deer to vat ish sheep." The Queen of the French has bestowed a gold medal upon M. Bonnel for his beautiful invention.—*New Era.*

In his Report on the Geology of Virginia, Professor Rogers makes mention of a curious object which he saw in the Alleghany region—a lake near the summit of Salt Pond Mountain. It is situated at the intersection of the mountain with some of its spurs, at a height above its base of from 900 to 1000 feet. The water passes off by a picturesque cascade, of great height, and flows rapidly into the creek below. Its length, is about three quarters of a mile, and greatest width about half a mile. In some parts it is from 50 to 60 feet deep; but such is the transparency of the water that the bottom is almost visible in the deepest parts. It is surrounded by steep hills, except from the side through which it is approached and by which it has its outlet. No animal is found in it, but a small species of salamander or water lizard.—*Baltimore American.*

China.—The second annual meeting of the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge in China, was held at No. 2. American Hong, Canton, on the 10th of March, Mr. Jardine presiding. Rev. Mr. Bridgeman and Dr. Parker, American missionaries, took part in the exercises. The celebrated Gutzlaff is one of the secretaries. Also Mr. Bridgeman, and Mr. Morrisson, son of the late Rev. Dr. Morrisson.—Mr. Jardine is president. It appears from the report that the receipts of the society within the year, had amounted to $1250. One method of operation pursued by the society, is the publication of useful books in the Chinese language. A general view of universal history, three volumes, has already been published. A history of the United States and an introduction to universal geography are in process of preparation.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PORT HURON, (Mich.) July 8.

Indians.—Immense numbers of Indians have been collecting about this place for about a week past.—On the 3d inst. about 500 descended the rapids in their bark canoes, and encamped on this side of the St. Clair, and in Canada. Most of them are of the Chippewa tribe, and we understand they are from Saginaw. This was formerly their place of resort in the summer months, for hunting and fishing. We are glad to say our inhabitants took early and efficient measures to prevent them from procuring spirituous liquors, and they seem to be peaceable and inoffensive, although some of them are in almost a starving condition.

Wool.—This great staple of Vermont has just been taken from the useful animal which bears it, and is ready for market. The aggregate of the crop in the whole State this year, probably exceeds three millions of pounds, at last year's prices, say at 60 cents, would amount to near two millions of dollars. But it is said there are no buyers, no market, and hence no price for the article. This truly is a sad state of things—but will it long remain so? is the question. For one we think not. While summer, and winter, in particular, lasts, people must have clothes, and we think if it is difficult for the manufacturers to buy wool at home, it will be more difficult to buy the article abroad, and the wool they must have or do worse. Many of the farmers are enabled to give a long credit for a part, at least, where they have large lots—and we think they would be willing to sell at a reasonable rate.—*Rutland Herald.*

A Voice from the West.—The Journal of Commerce publishes the following letter, the original having been submitted to the inspection of the editors. It is brief, but significant, and full of matter:—

LOGANSPORT, June 11th.

Dear Brother—I want you to come on here as soon as you can for times is good here. Laboring men has from $21 to $26 per month, and found, and cannot get men enuff, and, dear brother, I want you to come to Philadelphia and take your passage on the canal to Pittsburg, from there by steamboat to Madison. From there you will have to walk 130 miles to Logansport. You will go through Indianapolis and a beautiful country.

Flour here is $3 25 per barrel, potatoes 50 cents a bushel, good beef 6 cents per pound, and dear brother get yourself a wife before you come, and bring me one, for girls is scarce here, and proud too.

From Florida.—We learn from a passenger arrived this morning in the Steamboat *Santee*, Capt. Poinsett, from Black Creek, that a skirmish took place about ten days since, on the West side of the Suwannee, between a company of mounted Floridians, under the command of Col. Mills, and about 25 Indians, supposed to be Creeks. The bodies of two of the latter killed were found, and marks of blood were discovered of others wounded, or killed, that were taken away by the Indians. One of the whites is said to have been wounded.

Our informant derived his information from Col. Warren, at Jacksonville, who has just received a letter from Col. Mills, giving the above information, as the *Santee* was about leaving the wharf, and may be so relied on as correct.—*Savannah Republican, July 11.*

Shipwreck.—The bodies of nine men, with the wreck of a large clinker built boat, were washed ashore at a place called Freshwater Cove, about six miles south of Renews, Newfoundland, on the 5th of April. On one of the bodies was found the register of the brig Swallow, of Whitehaven, on which the name of A. M'Kean, master was endorsed. The Swallow sailed from Liverpool with a full cargo, valued at 30,000*l.*, steering for St. John's, N. F. on the 15th March, and it is supposed that having been wrecked in the ice, the crew had abandoned her, and made for the shore in the long boat, in hopes to escape, with a tremendous sea on the shore, it was impossible for any of them to land. Next day the bodies were picked up, dreadfully mangled, and were all interred in one grave.—*Yarmouth N. S. Herald.*

Fall in the price of Specie.—We feel great pleasure in informing our readers that the premium on specie has within the last day or two, fallen from 25 to 20 per cent. to 15! Nay, we have even heard of its being sold less. We are, however, cognisant of $1,000 being sold for 15! The prospect before us is about to brighten! Let the Municipalities bestir themselves in the issue of their paper, that it may assume the place of the present debased small currency, and, ere long, that incubus will be removed from the community, and specie held at its proper value.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

PRICES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

			price sold for	par.
1	shares	United States Bank,	113	100
20	do.	do. do.	112½	100
50	do.	do. do.	112½	100
9	do.	do. do.	112½	100
15	do.	Mechanics Bank,	46¼	35
5	do.	Del. Insurance Co	35½	60
20	do.	Beaver Meadow R. R.	50	50
7	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	127½	100
26	do.	Harrisburg,	61¼	50
$500	do.	City, 5 per cents. 1840.	100	
700	do.	Lehigh loan, 1845.	100	100

Attention Bakers.—The City Marshall of Detroit, lately seized three hundred loaves of bread which proved to be one third short of weight.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 14, received from Geo. F. Miller, $1 00	H. H. Jackson, Esq. 4 00
[...] McGowan note, 2 40	Hubbard Burkett, Esq. 1 00
disct. 20 per ct. on note.	*July 18.*
James S. Moyer, 10 00	Jas. B. Magennis, 10 25
John Miller, Esq. 10 00	R. G. Williams, 5 00
John Markell, Esq. 5 00	P. T. orton, Esq. 4 00
H. J. Bette, Esq. 5 00	Jas. H. Carden, Esq. [...]
Hugh Duncan, Esq. 2 00	J. M. Henderson, Esq. 2 00
July 15.	John Lee, Jr. (2 yrs) 5 00
D. M. Bryant, Esq. 2 00	A. D [...], Esq. 6 00
C. S. B[...]ws, Esq. 2 00	J. C. Elston, Esq. 5 00
Charles F. Jenkins, Esq. 3 00	*July 19.*
July 17.	Daniel Whitman, 10 00
W. G. Spencer, 2 00	Asa Demere, nett. 8 75
Jno. U. Williams, 5 00	poor 25—disct. on note $1
Rich'd W. Sale, 10 00	G. F. Faber, 9 00
John Wheelhouse, 3 00	*July 20.*
W. E. C. Jones, nett 4 00	Jas. B. Meek, nett, 1 90
J. D. Murrel, Esq. 10 00	60 cts. disc't—90 cts. paid
P. M. Tuskal[...], 10 00	E. W. Parish, Esq. 5 00
James A. Pe[...], Esq. 5 00	Joseph Evan, Esq. 2 00
	William Wilson, Esq. 5 00

AMERICAN Walnut Street THEATRE.

MR. BOOTH'S BENEFIT.

This Evening, July 22, will be presented the tragedy of KING LEAR. Lear, Mr. BOOTH; Edgar, Mr. SCOTT. Recitation by a child [...] years [...]. After which, THE REVIEW—John Lump, Mr. BOOTH; Loony M'Twolter, Mr. SCOTT.

Mr. Hadaway's Benefit on Monday.

ALMANAC.

JULY. 1837.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
22 SATURDAY,	4 48	7 12	6 19	
23 SUNDAY,	4 49	7 11	7 [...]	
24 MONDAY,	4 49	7 11	7 51	
25 TUESDAY,	4 50	7 10	8 40	New 2 4 19
26 WEDNESDAY,	4 51	7 9	9 29	First [...]
27 THURSDAY,	4 52	7 8	10 18	Full 17 [...]
28 FRIDAY,	4 53	7 7	11 [...]	Last 24 [...]
29 SATURDAY,	4 54	7 6	10 31	

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails

Eastern arrives at 5 A. M.	Eastern closes at 3 P. M.
Southern, 3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at 1 A. M.
Western, 2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M. & 4 A. M.

Religious Meeting for Mariners.—With Divine permission, the Tract Missionary will hold a meeting for Mariners, next Sabbath morning, at half past ten o'clock, on board the brig Wm. Henry, lying at [...] wharf above Market street.

Mariners in port are affectionately invited to attend.

☞ *Marriage Notices from a distance must at all times be accompanied with responsible names—otherwise they will not be published.*

MARRIAGES.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. WILLIAM FENOUR, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE REHR, formerly of Berks county, Pa.

On Wednesday evening, 12th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, Dr. GEORGE DE INGEN, of Eisenach Saxe Weimar, to MARIA OLDMIXON, daughter of the late Sir John Oldmixon.

On Wednesday morning, 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. [...], STEPHEN KIMBALL, to MARY C. daughter of the late Wm. Davenport, all of this city.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. Albert Judson, Mr. JAMES A. SMITH, to Miss RUTH PARKE, both of Southwark.

On Monday, 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Moore, Mr. JOSEPH [...]ENNELL, of Seaford, England, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of Samuel Wright, of Walnut street in this city, and late of Seaford.

At Chester, on Saturday, 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. [...], HENRY DU PONT, of Delaware, to LOUISA, daughter of William Gerhard, of Phila.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. D. W. Williams, [...] Haddonfield, N. J. Mr. FRANCIS GLEESON, to Miss DEBORAH HUNT, both of Gloucester county.

In Aberdeen, (Ohio,) on Monday, 10th inst. Mr. ANDREW BOWMAN, to Miss MATILDA WALLINGFORD. Also, on the same day, Mr. WALTER ASBURY, to Miss ELIZABETH BOWMAN. [The latter couple were the attendants on the first, and the *match* was made up and ratified on the ground.]

At Friends' Meeting, Richmond, Indiana, on the 31st of 5th month, ROBERT HATTON, of that place, to SUSANNA EVANS, of Stapleton.

On the 29th of June, at the same place, by the Rev. Mr. Wald, Mr. WILLIAM WIGGINS, of that borough, to Miss EMMA M. PYLE, recently of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday, 18th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. JOHN O'NEILL, in the 57th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 17th inst. Major WILLIAM CRIS, in the 63d year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 15th inst. Mrs. MARY HENDERSON, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 1[...] inst. after a short illness, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Mrs. MATILDA P. WILLIAMS, in the 37th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, 4th inst. after a protracted illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. MARGARET GREEN, in the [...] year of her age.

On Sunday, 16th inst. after a severe illness, CATHERINE JANE, wife of Solomon Smith.

On Sunday morning, 16th inst. after a lingering illness, WM. T. PALMER, son of the late Wm. T. Palmer, printer, of this city, in the 36th year of his age.

At Snowhill, E. S. Maryland, July 3d, Mr. ANANIAS JONES, after a severe illness of 3 weeks.

OBITUARY.

"Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
But thou hast all——
All seasons for thine own, oh, Death!"

Died in this city, on the 6th of 7th month, after a short but very severe indisposition, which he bore with true Christian fortitude and pious resignation, CHARLES S. COATES, aged 16 years, son of D. Caleb Coates.

There were 129 deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, 45 of whom were adults, and 84 children. 15 [...] of color included in the above.

Notice to Tailors.

A newly invented System for measuring shapes as well as sizes.

THE Subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the public, that he has invented a machine for measuring the shapes, as well as the sizes of men, preparatory to cutting their garments, and a system for the same [...] which he now [...] attention of tailors [...]. Having applied to the study of the science for the discovery of a system, wherein to avoid the uncertainty which it is well known exists in all different systems [...] he found [...] as the forms of men [...] various as their countenance that the shape must be [...] as well as the size, for the purpose of which [...] machine is indispensable, and with which a person of the most deformed shape can be as easily fitted as one of just proportions. The different points being taken by the machine, the measure taken from each one to the other, and thereby giving every part of the garment the exact quantity of cloth necessary for making a perfect fit. Having used it himself with the most entire satisfaction he feels confident that the principles upon which it is founded, and the method in which they are carried out, need only to be known to insure its general use.

WILLIAM W. ALLEN.

Ellis & Allen, Merchant Tailors No. 14 South Sixth street, inform the public that they are prepared to execute all orders in their line of business, with punctuality and despatch and warrant to give satisfaction. They would invite all persons who have never yet been fitted to give them a trial, being fully convinced of the infallibility of the newly invented measuring system.

N. B. The machines will be made under the direction of one of the firm, at their factory, fourth story of No. 14 North Sixth street. Having obtained a patent for the above mentioned machine, rights will be sold to [...] apply as above. [...]

Mammoth Black Turtle.

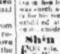
EXHIBITING on the Lower Island, in the Delaware at Shippen street Ferry, adjoining Hahn and Zimmerman's Hotel, The MAMMOTH BLACK TURTLE, caught at the mouth of the Delaware Bay. It is acknowledged to be [...] the largest of the species ever seen, [...] and a house built expressly for his reception at a very great expense. It will be exhibited at any time during the day. Admission 12½ cents, children under 12 years of age, half price. jy 15 [...]

Shin Plaster Pocket Books.

FOR sale, wholesale and retail, at Clark & Lippincott's, S. W. corner of 4th and Race sts. north of Market—[...] through the entire merchants, and others, may be supplied as above, from 00 cts. to $2 per dozen. Orders from the country will meet with prompt attention.

jy [...]

Green House and other Plants



THE Subscriber wishing to decline business, will sell at a very low rate, his entire valuable collection of GREEN HOUSE PLANTS, &c. &c. at the Moyamensing Botanic Garden, South end of 10th street. Gentlemen will find the collection a fine one. To persons [...] in the business. It will be made an object.

Proposals will be received till the 14th of November for the [...] Unique [...] of Green[...].

ALEXANDER PARKER.

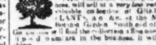
N. B.—Plants low at retail. [...]

☞ Fare reduced to $[...]

PIONEER FAST PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURGH.

Through in 3½ days—Starts every morning at SIX O'CLOCK.

Via the Philadelphia and Harrisburg Rail-roads, and Pennsylvania Canal.



The above LINE leaves the West Chester House, corner of [...] [...] Boats of the very best description.

Travellers may rest assured that the accommodation of the Pioneer Line are equal in all respects if not superior to those of any other line.

Office, N. E. corner of 4th and Chesnut street.

For seats, apply as above, at No. 200 Market st. N. E. corner 3d and Willow sts. and at No. 31 S. 3d st.

A. B. CUMMINGS, Agent.

N. B.—This Line connects with the [...] steam packets [...]

"Is there no Balm in Gilead?"

YES! a Balm has been found in Dr. JAYNE'S INDIAN EXPECTORANT, a Balm whose healing power [...] never have been, nor can be, equalled—[...] restore say to the afflicted child or man, go [...] try it for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, and all diseases of the Lungs and Breast, and it will not deceive you. It has truly wrought miracles, in raising the afflicted from the jaws of death, and restored them to health, to joy, and to gladness. Thousands have used it, and have found relief; and therefore why not you? It may be had at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite Congress Hall. Price $1 per bottle.

jy [...]

THE "BETTER CURRENCY."

SMALL NOTES, of $1—$2 [...] in [...] [...] [...]

jy [...]

ATKINSON'S CASKET.
JUST PUBLISHED.

The JULY Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

Embellishments:

A handsome coloured MAP OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, with the latest improvements—West Front of Lichfield Cathedral, England—Swiss Cottage, Lavey—[...] "The Hunter's Call."

CONTENTS.

Description of the State of New York, with a handsomely coloured Map. Paris in 1835. The Panther's Leap. The Maiden and the [...]. Bells Go not [...]. Recollections of a Night of Fever. Martha and Mary. The [...]. The Student. West Front of Lichfield Cathedral, [...]. Swiss Cottage, Lavey, &c. The Resurrection of Christ. The Twin [...]. [...]. A Sketch. To the Eye of Vulgar Logic. Love's Telegraph.

POETRY.

On Eternity. The Broken Heart. The Wreck. The [...]. To Summer. The Fallen Angel. The [...]. The Sky. Address to Sleep. Address to [...]. The Loveliness of Christ. The Infant's Dream. The Dying Boy. Youthful Days. The Hunter's Call, set to Music. The Field of Thermopylae.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum payable in advance or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 600 closely printed pages, to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is perhaps the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1830, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35 and '36 containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at the office. Address (post paid)

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher,
my 27 [...] Carter's Alley, Phila.

Twenty Dollars Reward.

RUNAWAY from the Subscriber, in Upper Dublin Township, Montgomery county, on the 23d of May, an indented lad, named JAMES WALTER, about 15 years of age; has light, dark blue eyes, sharp nose, sharp and pert look, quick and lively move. Had on, and took with him, a black linen round coat and trowsers, cotton round coat and trowsers, cloth roundabout and trowsers, three white shirts, and also a one summer hat, and other clothes not recollected. He was bound to me from the Almshouse, Philadelphia county. Whoever returns said boy to his master, or secures him in jail, shall receive the above reward.

MOSES LUKENS.

☞ Captains of vessels and all others are forbid to harbor said boy, at the risk of having the law in force.

[...] jy 3 [...]

On Low Spirits.

LOW SPIRITS is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slightest grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient medical writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria, which are situated on the right or left side of that cavity, whence comes the name of hypochondriasis.

Symptoms.

The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigour or courage. Also languidness—the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, desponding, melancholy, and dejected, accompanied with a total derangement of the nervous system. The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overwhelm the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

Causes.

A sedentary life of any kind, especially severe study, protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge (as the obstruction of the menses) or long continued eruptions, relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen is a frequent cause.

Treatment.

The principal objects of the treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if costive) being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to attain this end, than Dr. Wm. Evans's Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, which are tonic, anodyne, an antispasmodic, are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

The medical office of Dr. WM. EVANS is at No. 100 Chatham street, N. Y., where his Camomile as well as his celebrated Family Aperient Pills, may be obtained. Sold only by his advertised country agents.

Office No. [...] South Eighth street, one door from Market west do. PHILADA.

THE ANTIDOTE.

In the midst of a great, and in many instances, unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, Dr. Wm. Evans' medicinal preparations have [...] attention of an universal approbation—[...] of the only medicine publicly advertised that have [...] and unreserved testimony in their favour; it is not the only medicine, which gives full satisfaction to their purchasers. Dr. WM. EVANS has the satisfaction of knowing that his CAMOMILE TONIC PILLS are not only regularly recommended and prescribed by the most approved of physicians in their daily practice, but also taken by those gentlemen themselves, whenever they feel the symptoms of those diseases in which they well know them to be efficacious.—He knows this to be generally the case in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities in which they have an extensive sale. That they should thus conquer violence of prejudice and interested opposition and secure the approval of the most eminent and best informed physicians in the country to render them useful to all classes, can only be fairly ascribed to their undeniable and pre-eminent virtues.

In sick headache, nervous debility, spasmodic affections, prostration of muscular and vital energy and consequent loss of sleep, comfort, and ultimately of life itself, they restore health in the most regular and impaired constitutions, and by being taken in extensive quantities, or the necessity of their use gradually decreases, as of course it ought to do, if they are good for any thing, by their direct adaptation to the powers of the human stomach. There is one disease, however, which is unhappily but too prevalent, to which their ability will in claims to notice are eminent, and that is in the disease which is produced by violent drastic purges, taken in pernicious or pitiful, [...] which may be termed the "Purge-Mortem" disease, the excessive debility both of body and mind produced by this destructive practice, can only be removed by a tonic, and such as the Camomile preparations contain.—Dr. W. Evans supplies an antidote for a host of public poisons, and a remedy for all those disorders which he professes to cure. A single trial will prove the vast superiority of a course of practice which is based upon common sense, common reason and honesty.

DYSPEPSIA IN ALL ITS FORMS.—Hypochondriacism, Low Spirits, Palpitations of the heart, Nervous irritability, Whites, Fluor Albus, Seminal Weakness, Indigestion, Heartburn, General Debility, Bodily Weakness, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Flatulent or Hysterical faintings, Hysterics, Head Ache, Hiccup, Sea Sickness, Night-Mare, Gout, Rheumatism, Asthma, Tic Douloureux, Cramp, Convulsions of Children, Measels, Small Pox, Whooping Cough, Rickets, Teething, Worms, &c., Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Serous Apoplexy, and organic affections of the heart.

Persons whose nerves have been thus injured by calomel or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges, or cutaneous eruptions, excess in drinking, or other causes which tend to relax and enervate the nervous system, will find a friend in the aid and comfort of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicines. Sold at No. 8 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, where they can be obtained wholesale or retail.

Sold also by his advertised country agents. Agents are wanted South and West.

Agents for Dr. Evans's Pills.

Wm. N. Stevens, fancy store, No. 263 north Third street, 1 door above Noble street, Philadelphia.
Mrs. Parker, fancy store on [...] Beach st. Kensington.
George [...], corner 10th and Green sts.
[...] Tuckworth, Wilmington, Del.
[...] & Davis, Norristown.
[...] Ritchie, Post Master, New Castle, Del.
David Jones, [...]ville, Chester county, Pa.
Nathan Davis, Camden, N. J.
[...] M'Pherson, Trenton, N. J.
A. C. & [...] Webb, Georgetown, Ky.
[...] Maxwell, Lancaster Pa.
[...] Wm. Matthias, Columbia.
[...] James Gardiner, Robbstown.
Andrew Meare, Manayunk.
John Levering, Roxborough.
Joseph Rogers, Trappe, Montgomery co.
George Gee, Reading General Agent for Berks co.
Henry [...], Germantown.
H. Z. Powell, Chester.
[...] Market st. [...]

Baker's Intelligence Office,

Established in May, 1811—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Farms, Tenants, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Store Drivers, Barkeepers, Seamen, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Children's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and thought Servants.

A House Keeper wants a situation.
A Wet Nurse wants a situation.
Wanted a Child [...] nurse.
[...] FOR SALE. jy [...]

A Flourishing Weekly Newspaper for Sale.

THE publisher of an extensively circulated and well supported literary newspaper of the Fireside class, [...] through [...] the present [...] in the West. The subscription list is rising [...] thousands—the circulation being nearly all in the Northern states. Its [...] is one of the Atlantic cities, and presents facilities for no still greater increase, as it stands in the west ([...]) of the day—the name of the [...] having been from the commencement [...] years secured up to the time, to present a neutral and important view of all questions of general interest.

Its circulation alone in the city where it is published, is about two thousand regular subscribers. To a capitalist wishing to invest in a safe and lucrative business, the proprietor offers inducements which will be more fully explained by addressing "C." Philadelphia Post Office, naming the information desired, and the address of the individual seeking such information, &c. &c.

jy 15—[...]

White Mulberry.

THE Subscriber has collected the present season, from a few very select trees the seed of the true Italian White Mulberry (*morus alba*) and has also on hand a large stock of the most esteemed kinds of *cabbage* vegetable and garden seeds, with his usual supply of Clover, Timothy, and other Grass Seeds, &c. of the best selections.

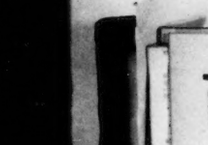
Country Merchants and others, will be furnished with such quantities as they may desire, and all orders, either at the store or by letter, will meet with prompt attention at the Seed Store of GEO. M. COATES.

[...] Market st. [...]

Wanted,

A THOROUGH Carriage Smith, of steady, sober habits, and not any attentive to business, to whom steady employment and high wages will be given by [...] our Carriage Manufactory, in the town of New Brighton, Beaver co. Pa. None need apply except he comes well recommended for sobriety [...].

WILLIAM & HARVEY BLANCHARD,
New Brighton.



Variety is the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN.

'Twas on a windy night,
About two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
Ait mind and mother scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
So from the pillings,
He love-sick he did pour,
And this in part his wailings;
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say,
Charme you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
There's in the stud hermine us.
You le fist inlosp,
Sinse in bed a morning,
Round the house I grow,
Your hand heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got a pig and a cow,
I've got a sye to shoe 'em,
A tail and a bradled cow,
And rabbits, too, to keep 'em,
Sunday and cose,
An old grey mare to ride on;
Stable and bride to hose,
That you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got a charming eye;
You've got spelling site the lustre;
You've got, and so have I,
A name for genzie kreating;
You've sind for, and you've sung,
As every body's knowing,
You've got a docent tongue
When it is not a going.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye;
You've got spelling site the lustre reading,
You've got, and so have I,
A name for genzie kreating;
You've sind for, and you've sung,
As every body's knowing,
You've got a docent tongue
When it is not a going.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife 'till death,
I'm willing to take ye;
But, och, I wame my tongue,
The devil sure can't wake ye.
I'm jist beginning to rue,
So I'll go under cover rue,
To-morrow I'll come again.
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Dont say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IRISH WIT.—A gentleman wishing to know the price of coal, and observing an Irishman standing near a load, of which he was the owner, the owner, inquired, "how is coal now" "Black as ever, your honor," says Pat.

SCENE IN THE WOODS.—"Hah! Jim, what you creeping so softly after dat squirrel for, when you got gun to lick on 'em?" "Hush! hush! squirrels dont know dat, you nigger."

Calumny is like the wasp that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself without certain to sting you; or otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever.

UNSEEN GENEROSITY.—An illiterate person, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, having suggested at sparing his pocket, overhearing one day, a hint to that effect, made the following soliloquy aloud: "Other gentlemen pass what they think proper; we are to do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nobody's business."

JOHN RANDOLPH'S WILL.—Of which the recent decision in Virginia has established the validity, is marked and illustrated by the noble device—"I give and bequeath to all my slaves their freedom; forever detesting the sin of which I have been the owner of one." An adequate proxy, soon added for settling them in some portion of the U. States.

The Arabs believe falling meteors to be darts thrown by God at an evil genii, and the Egyptians, when they see it, exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith."

COSMOGONICAL SQUINTINGS.

AMERICA.—Money not to be smelled under general rent. General Harrison—universal Barterer.—Loggins at the latest discovery, great country of V.V. X's. L's and C's. No trust tot mistrust. Internal cutting up. Cotton rolling down. Every bank like the Mammoth—the species's extinct.

MEXICO.—Losing Texas, and gaining Texas. News rise. Navigation loses a month. Two Provinces, and a thousand Vices. General row, General discontent. General Buenamente.

PORTUGAL.—that Infanta in the moon. No land *future*.

SPAIN.—Within an acre of losing her queen by a HARE—the king no trump. Civil war, between carlists and christinos, nave-ill ministers, several Dons done to a dungeon for dooming Donna Maria's livery.

ENGLAND.—Thinking moving her stagnation. War with the Church—Radicals running Steeple-chases. Whoes comes from heated Jones time, and sore-dolorous remittances.

RUSSIA.—Great and realser. Czar wants to spar, but not such a calf as to take the Bull by the horns. Can't tell whether an autocrat ought to crow or to cry.

FRANCE.—Louis Philippe doing badly—daily expecting a bullet in. All Paris going gnawing at a messenger medallion. Vanity gnawing with gold, table and silver-ought plated with platina, and covered with copper to keep off mad hatters—Louis sausage, and modern bread—because his popularity is in a state of penetration. Rapidly ruling a million, and many factioners in misery. Another revolution hourly expected. Puppies pampered, and Lyons starving.

IRELAND.—Taxes, tythes, and tatoes. Agitation, and repeating—hate Joke Smith—Ireland a yellow-boy. Dozens of families without a fortune—No rent paid but the Church. Orange faction looking blue, and many a son of Green Erin without a red herring.—*Lond. Mag.*

HINTS TO MECHANICS AND WORKMEN.—If you would avoid sickness we should say, leave off your cellar trades and work are liable to produce, attend to the following hints.

Avoid working in irregular hours. Never suppose that you have done extra work, when you sit up till midnight, and do not rise till after the noise in the morning.

Abstain from ardent spirits, cordials and malt liquors. Let your drink be, like that of Franklin, water, be not a professional water drinker.

Never use tobacco in any form. By chewing, smoking, or smelling, you spend money which would help to clothe you, or would enable you, at single, to make a useful present to an aged mother, a worthy minister, or, if married, to buy your wife a frock, or get books for your children. You pay, by use of tobacco, for impaired time, impure your health, bringing on head-ache, gnawing at the stomach, low spirits, trembling, fainting at the least pat at times, sleeplessness.

Be particular in preserving your skin clean by regular washing of your hands and face and mouth, before each meal, and of your whole body at least once a week; and by frequent use of the brushing the hair daily.

Always have fresh air in the room in which you work, but on that you shall not be a draft.

Take a short time in the morning, at noon, and always in the evening or towards sundown, for placing your body in a natural position; by standing erect, and not stooping forward, and by limbs by a walk where the air is the purest.

If confined in doors, let your food consist in large proportion, of milk and bread, and stale bread, rather than new. Meat and fish ought to be used sparingly, and only at dinner. You are better without tea, tea, or chocolate. If you have any of them, it ought not to be more than once in the day.

A WILD CAT HUNT IN CAROLINA.

It is a pleasant thing to dash along with a strong, in an animated hunt; and it is pleasant when the hunt is at an end to fight the battle over with the companions who shared with you the incidents yet fresh, come pictured back to us through the medium of the sparkling glass. But as it is a cold thing to tell over these same incidents to an uncreated third party, and a difficult thing, when that party is a little snake-y in vague, a word too much makes you jealous, to tell your story as to please. If I feel these scruples were to govern us, no sportsmen would ever write, and nonethroughout our wide spread country would know what he killed or encountered was about. For my readers' sake I could desire to introduce him to some more exciting chase,—but this is no fancy sketch,—and as a panther is not at my command, I must take him without further preface,—on a wild cat hunt in South Carolina.

At eight o'clock on a morning in February, we mounted our hunters and pushed off for a corner about three miles distant from the town of ——, where we expected to put up a cat. The field consisted of three veterans, Judge F——, myself and two neophytes,—Splash and Dash; one somewhat the greater for his training, the dogs, and beat the thickets. Four couple of staunch hounds penetrated the cover, while three ponies from a other kept the field cleared and gave discreetly to the sport by springing occasionally a hare, snipe or partridge, which as we shot, if they came in our way. Our guns charged with buck shot, we rode along the edge and the other with bird, so that we were prepared for whatever game might present itself.

Our hounds had not long entered the thicket in which (from finding at its edge the remains of a half devoured deer) we completed the cat lay still lurked, when they struck off on an unusual old trail, and when the pack announced us that the cat was roused. In a minute the thicket was surrounded,—each hunter at the corner supervising, cheering his gun and peering into the tangled copse, to catch a glimpse of the fugitive. But he knew the ground and made his attack as to defy the keenest sight, and circles it secretly, he was found to be gone. Away after him through the brush. Ha! what's that? a short scattering shot! some one has caught him peering out of the thicket, and cracked off his double barrel. What news? 'Habet,' says Splash. 'Aye, we shall see, though I, as the last comer, have the best chance of getting a shot. Is Dash' who pursuing his charge full in his throat, has given him a long start.

It was a tall gaunt lie-cat of about twenty-five pounds weight, and the hunters galloped after him, and drew him from the grasp of the dogs, "how now" says the judge, what does Peter a brute this a tawny panther? a regular big animal; while I pronounce the cat I fired a to be bigger after one or I saw it clearly as it tumbled over in the swamp, at the flash of the gun." "Bigger or no bigger is no matter," says Splash, "and the Doctor, I fired at a black cat —the dogs must have changed cats during the chase. I'm sure the latter, gentlemen," said he, "I, we shall then have two cats instead of one—I got on the hound boy." They were left at where the Doctor fired,—but the stupid animal could find no track for which left them to the place where the tawny cat lay dead. "A new trial cried the judge. And away ran and the dogs were set on front where the Judge fired; the issue is fairly made, but the canine party again refuse the scent entirely. "Come, son, says the Judge "must I doubt my ears? The secret then is that it is more safe to doubt our own sense, than the instinct of a hound, and that his sentences from the cat are less fallible than those from human sight for the cat being duly subjected to a post mortem examination, the bullet was found struck by four out of the six shots which were fired at him, and the Doctor's was clearly identified as lodged in his body.—"left no doubt of the fact. that the black cat—the tawny and Judge, or no other than the tawny cat of the rest of the shots.—Whether the change of color was to the skin of the cat, there was no question, but the destruction of light,—we leave the philosophers to determine the question of color.—*Southern Lit. Journal.*

WILL OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

The will of the philosopher was proved at Doctors'-commons on Monday. It is dated the 30th May, 1832, and is signed on a firm hand. He appoints Dr. Bowring, "who for these last years, or thereabouts, has been my friend, my estate friend, my executor, and in the event of, and during the time of his acting, my executor, authority, or any other cause, from taking possession of my effects or my body, I appoint my friend, Edward Ellice, Esq. my executor, and a substitute in his stead." He then gives directions as to the disposal of his body for the sake of the advancement of the medical sciences, which, he says, "have been of late years, by the labours of Dr. Bowring his interest in the *Westminster Review*, and indeed without any pecuniary interest, by the rapid stretch which each sportsman gave, to one shot of my own, and by the slaying our cat in the fork of an oak, toward our return, unpursued on to beat another thicket. But here there was no cat to be found, and in fact, he had escaped himself behind an entrenchment of logs, which, though hidden from sight as he entered by pursuit, will not willingly enter,—to the dismay of unmounted sportsmen. Now the hunt like our story, was in danger of flagging for want of incident, nor was there little to rouse us, except when at long intervals, a shot was fired at a partridge, that went whirring along before us or a rabbit that unexpectedly broke cover, but at last we reached a gall, the thickest and most tangled in the whole range of the copse, in which, it was easy to perceive, must furnish a cat a rabbit that unexpectedly broke cover, but at last we reached a gall, the thickest and most tangled in the whole range of the copse, in which, it was easy to perceive, must furnish a cat a refuge. Here the dogs were put in, and the thicket resounded with their cries. Now and then a shot was fired, but the cat still lurked, and the dogs were called off. The dogs were called off. The dogs were called off. The